HARPER'S WEEKLY

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A BACKHANDED BLOW.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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REPUBLICAN STATE POLITICS.

THE Republican editor or speaker who tries to make himself and others believe that the Republican majority of the late Legislature has performed its duty to the people of the State and done credit to the party, will succeed in persuading only the blind partisans who need no persuasion, but they will utterly fail to make an impression upon men who do their own thinking and draw their conclusions from facts. If that Legislature had been elected under ordinary circumstances it might have passed as a Legislature of ordinary virtue—which is not saying much. But having been elected distinctly as a reform Legislature in response to a great popular uprising started by the disclosure of shocking abuses, and turning to the Republican party for the correction of evils that had in great part grown up under Democratic auspices, and having been charged by public sentiment and by the Republican party itself in the emphatic pledges of its platform with doing certain specified things, its record could hardly be more contemptible. It was to extend and strengthen the reform of the civil service, but it defeated with eager alacrity a well-matured civil service bill, and devoted all its ingenuity and zeal to various contrivances intended to disembowel the civil service system already existing. Instead of following the recommendation of the Governor, who urged an amendment to the corrupt practices act requiring sworn publication by party committees of all campaign receipts and expenditures, it laughed down a bill offered for that purpose with a sort of sportive disdain. Although pledged to ballot reform, it sought to keep as many facilities for fraudulent practices as it dared in the ballot bill which it did pass. In the face of the promise to promote honest municipal government, it passed a bill to turn over the now well-administered public charities of Brooklyn to the tender mercies of the most notorious spoils politician in that region.

But the most striking exhibition of its qualities appeared in its treatment of the municipal affairs of New York city. The needs of this community, that had so long suffered from the most atrocious misrule, might have moved any generous heart to sympathy. But the majority in the Legislature repelled with mocking scorn the representations of that public-spirited citizenship which had overthrown the Tammany power. The school bill, providing for a reform which the Republicans had repeatedly promised, was mercilessly slaughtered. The power of removal bill, enabling the Mayor to rid the city of Tammany officials, was adopted avowedly by mere mistake—the majority voting for it in the belief that the Mayor had, by way of bargain, promised to appoint to many of the vacated places henchmen of the Republican party machine. The passage of the police magistrates bill was owing only to the praiseworthy urgency of the Governor. The most shameful part of the record, however, is the conduct of the majority in the Legislature with regard to the New York police. The evils infecting the police department had recently been shown to be of so enormous a nature that only an unscrupulous and heartless disregard of the public need could refuse the heroic remedies required for their cure. Yet the police reorganization bill, which was to furnish the power for weeding the corrupt elements out of the police force, was killed by juggling management, and the bill that did pass not only struck a blow at the civil service system in force, but formally fixed upon the government of the police department as a permanent requirement the principle of partisanship—the very element which had wrought such incalculable mischief in the past; and it did this on the flimsy pretext that bipartisanship in the police commission was necessary to secure impartiality in its action with regard to elections, while all danger might easily have been obviated by the establishment of a separate election bureau, and while the very bill passed provides that the assignment of policemen on election days shall be in the sole power of the chief of police—thus creating the very one-man power which the law-makers pretended to be afraid of. There never was more barefaced hypocrisy.

Now we ask, in what shape does the Republican party of New York issue from this reform campaign? Evidently, had the Republican majority in the Legislature promptly passed a good civil service bill; had it given the State the best possible ballot law; had it asked the representative spokesmen of the reform movement in New York city—of whom there were several whose title nobody would dispute—to indicate the measures they thought necessary for the welfare of this municipality, and had it then in good time enacted such propositions into law—the Republican party would now stand before the people of this State as the tried champion of good government, and all those citizens of independent ways of thinking who care more for the public welfare than for party, and who in this State command votes enough to turn an election one way or the other, would, as to State matters, trustfully stand on its side. This high position, this title to public confidence, it has, by the faithless conduct of the Republican majority in the Legislature on so great an occasion, thoroughly got rid of. And what has it gained in the place of so splendid an advantage? The reputation that most of its politicians are mere tools of Boss PLATT, the wire-puller chief who cares nothing for principles or measures for their own sake, but only for organization, and for organization only if he can distribute the patronage. To this spoils-huckster the prestige of the Republican party as a reform party has been sacrificed, and this time even without giving him nearly as many offices as he expected to distribute among his henchmen. For the municipality of New York, which he had longed for as an especially fat pasture-ground, has remained closed to him. Not only did the obstreperous Mayor put the most influential offices into the hands of PLATT'S Republican opponents, but even the bipartisan police arrangement, devised especially to extend the power of the boss, was so turned by the appointment of the new police commissioners as to exclude his influence. Thus the conduct of the Republican majority in the Legislature under PLATT'S control failed both ways; it destroyed the character of the Republican party as a reform organization, and it did not fulfil its purpose of strengthening PLATT'S power.

It is especially to be regretted that the so-called "better element" of the Republican party did not escape unharmed from the catastrophe. When such men as Mr. ELIHU ROOT, Mr. CORNELIUS BLISS, and the leading members of the Union League Club persuaded Mayor STRONG to approve the bipartisan bill, in violation of their own principles declared before election, and in violation of the Mayor's own solemn pledges, they furnished a striking instance of that peculiar partisan color-blindness which sometimes confuses the moral as well as the intellectual perceptions of otherwise well-meaning men. They led Mr. STRONG into his most lamentable blunder by representing to him that the approval of the bipartisan bill was necessary for the harmony of the Republican party. What has been the result? Has the Republican party become harmonized? The struggle between the PLATT and anti-PLATT factions is as bitter as ever. Those gentlemen have accomplished nothing but to put a grievous blemish on Mr. STRONG'S character, to convert the Mayor's office—which was to have nothing to do with Republican or any other party harmony—into a partisan office, and to inspire men who seek good government for its own sake with a decided distrust of the Republican "better element" too. And all this for nothing. The general upshot of it all is that the Democrats, whose prospects seemed to be hopeless but a short while ago, must appear in a very uninviting shape not to have a good chance against the Republicans at the next State election.

A RIGHTEOUS DECISION.

THE second decision by the Supreme Court on the income-tax law is logical and satisfactory. It is the decision that should have been rendered in the first instance, and the wonder that it was not grows the greater in contemplation of the vote by which the whole law has at last been declared unconstitutional. As the WEEKLY said at the time, the position maintained by Justices SHIRAS and BROWN was the curious feature of the first decision, and made the action of the court strangely anomalous and discreditable to the highest tribunal in the country. In the first decision a majority of the court held that a tax on real property being a direct tax, a tax on the rents and profits of such property was also direct, and consequently could only be levied by the Federal government by apportioning it among the States according to population. But a majority of the court held that a tax on personal property and its income was not direct. Therefore the law was mutilated. Part of it stood as constitutional and part fell as unconstitutional. The owners of real property and government bonds would have escaped taxation, while the producers of the country, the merchants, manufacturers, farmers, wage-earners, and the professional classes, would have paid an income tax. This was a most unfortunate result of the Populistic attempt to divide the people of the country into classes based on wealth. As the Supreme Court left the law by its first decision, it was such a monstrosity as had never before disgraced our statute-books. It relieved those who, on the principle which guided the framers of the statute, ought to have paid the larger share of the tax, and it recognized the right of a majority of the people to escape all the burdens of government and to load them upon a minority whose thrift was coincident with and accountable for the prosperity of the country. No law or theory was ever invented better calculated to transform a republic into a money oligarchy.

Happily this maimed reminiscence of a Populistic measure is now completely wiped from the statute-book, and it is greatly to the credit of Justice SHIRAS that he possessed the rare manliness to admit a change of mind on the subject concerning which he had differed from the four justices with whom he had agreed as to the constitutionality of a tax on incomes derived from real property. It was not by Justice JACKSON'S return to Washington to constitute a full bench for the rehearing that the court was enabled to reach this agreement, for Justice JACKSON believed the whole law constitutional. If therefore Justice SHIRAS had not changed his mind, the law would have remained as it stood after the first decision, with the exception that the failure to agree as to the constitutionality of the income tax on personal property, through the even division of the justices, would have been changed to an agreement that such a tax is constitutional. As matters stand, Justice JACKSON'S return did not affect the result.

Even now that the court has actually decided the case presented to it, and has declared the law unconstitutional, some of the justices do not entirely escape suspicion of a discreditable yielding to Populistic influences. There has been reason to suspect, from the first entrance of this demoralizing statute into the court-room, that it was accompanied thither by influences that had helped to push the measure through the two Houses of Congress. In consequence there evidently has been much and unusual feeling manifested by the justices. The discussions of the retiring-room, usually dignified and moderate, have engendered heat. The noise of them has reached beyond the council-chamber, and before each decision the announcement of its purport was made in the daily press. This is a grave scandal, and the suspicion that one or more of the justices has been led by his warmth of feeling to reveal, perhaps unconsciously, the secrets of the court is strengthened by the intemperate language of the dissenting opinions. In this second decision, for example, Justice HARLAN, who followed the example set by Justice WHITE in the first case in permitting himself to make a harangue under the guise of a judicial opinion, used such expressions as these: "It [the decision] strikes at the very foundations of national authority." "It tends to re-establish that condition of helplessness in which Congress found itself during the period of the Articles of Confederation, when it was without power, by laws operating directly upon individuals, to lay and collect through its own agents taxes sufficient to pay the debts and defray the expenses of government, and was dependent in all such matters upon the good-will of the States." Justice HARLAN also grossly exaggerates the amount that would have been derived

from an income tax, putting it at from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000, although the Collector of Internal Revenue himself did not anticipate the collection of as much as $15,000,000. Justice JACKSON was nearly as intemperate, saying, for example, that the decision is "the most disastrous blow ever struck at the constitutional power of Congress." Justice BROWN capped this extravagance by expressing the hope that the decision might not "prove the first step toward the submergence of the liberties of the people in a sordid despotism of wealth."

It might be imagined from all this heat that the Supreme Court had overthrown the Constitution and the law, had paralyzed the general government, and had accomplished what secession failed to effect, the dissolution of the Union and the ruin of the country. These angry expressions of opinion by judges from whom self-respect and submission to the law are expected are in keeping with the spirit of the men who invented and forced upon Congress the odious statute, and of the threat made at the bar of the Supreme Court by one of the counsel who argued in behalf of the tax. The income tax as it stood was a blow aimed at the thrifty, and at those sections of the country where its business centres are situated. It was based upon the principle that the minority is at the mercy of the majority, and may be compelled to bear all the expenses of government. Some of its votaries confessed that it was to be levied partly by way of reprisal on those who had been the beneficiaries of protective tariff laws. Protection is bad enough, and has been followed by a train of evils, but, bad as it is, and serious as those evils have been, it were infinitely worse if the work of reform should be carried out in the spirit of revenge.

There is no danger that the country will suffer by reason of this decision. The court has not even declared, as might be judged from a reading of the dissenting opinions, that Congress may not tax incomes, but merely that if it does levy such a tax it must be apportioned among the States. The wailing of the dissenting opinions would apply quite as aptly to a discussion of the direct tax provision of the Constitution as to the court's decision. Judging from the temper of its advocates, the income tax was made a test of loyalty to one phase of socialism. Those who were not for the tax were opposed to the rule of people having incomes of less than $4000 a year. It is to establish such a rule that revolution was threatened at the bar, and it is over the failure of such an attempt that prophecies of evil days for the nation are heard from the bench. But the people of this country are not anarchists or socialists. They cannot be made to believe that national prosperity depends upon the power of Congress to levy an income tax. And they will continue to respect those justices who are not to be turned from their duty by threats of evil or by appeals to popular passion. This decision is a courageous assertion of the supremacy of the law, and of the independence of the court within its proper sphere.

A CONGRESSIONAL FAILURE.

EVERY one who has been so unfortunate—or so fortunate, as the case may be—as to be interested in the final result of a lawsuit appreciates the force of the axiom that a delay of justice is a denial of justice. All well-informed and sensible people understand that before a final decision can be reached there are certain delays which are inevitable—delays arising out of the constitution of our juridical system, and having for their object the better protection of the rights of litigants. But a delay of justice, and a consequent denial of justice, arising out of the failure of a legislative body to make the customary appropriations for the ordinary expenses of the judicial department, either State or national, is something which the public will hardly be able to understand, and which they ought not to be asked to forgive.

With the adjournment of what was called a "billion-dollar Congress," it was to be supposed that the expenses of carrying on all the ordinary departments of government had been provided for. But in Rochester, on May 14th, Judge COXE, of the United States District Court, adjourned court within an hour after opening the May term because he found that there were no funds to meet the expenses. Nine out of ten prisoners awaiting trial were discharged; the tenth one was held for the September term in Buffalo. A similar condition of affairs is reported from Utica, New York, from Des Moines, Iowa, and from Chicago. In New York and Brooklyn the same predicament will soon arise. With three months' expenses yet to be met, the appropriation for the payment of deputy marshals, bailiffs, and witnesses is wholly exhausted. Already witnesses held in detention to appear at trials have been turned out on the streets destitute, with the information that it will probably be a year before they get a dollar of the fees due them.

It is not claimed that the United States courts have been extravagantly managed or that their expenses have been excessive. The whole responsibility for the disgraceful situation rests with Congress, which has systematically stinted the appropriation for the judicial department.

In 1891 the first session of the Fifty-first Congress appropriated $4,380,963 70 for the Department of Justice. It was known that this amount was wholly inadequate, and before the session ended a deficiency appropriation was made of $1,129,808 14. The second session of the same Congress repeated this folly in beginning with an appropriation of $4,589,590, and ending by appropriating a total of more than $6,000,000. The Fifty-second Congress followed the same policy. In the first session it made a regular appropriation of $4,307,484 66, and a deficiency appropriation of $1,709,474 78. In the second session it made a regular appropriation of $4,341,950, and a deficiency appropriation of $2,489,233 47. For the fiscal years ending successively June 30, 1895 and 1896, the estimates have been cut down nearly two million dollars for each year, with the result of unpaid attendants, untried cases, defrauded witnesses, disappointed suitors, the closing of courts, the delay and denial of justice, and the lasting disgrace of Congress, with which the whole blame rests.

PROJECTILES AND ARMOR-PLATES.

OUR readers have doubtless followed with attention the interesting series of tests between projectiles and armor-plates carried on by the government at the proving-grounds at Indian Head. It is probable that they have not appreciated the significance of the varying results achieved, or their direct relation to the question of national defence.

This subject ought to be clearly understood, for it is as easy as it is important. Briefly stated, the projectile represents the defensive and protective strength of the United States; the armor-plate represents the attacking energy of the strongest naval powers. If the armor-plate is impenetrable, sea power is irresistible. If, on the other hand, the projectile is irresistible, coast defences are impregnable. To state it in another way, it is a question which is the stronger, the gun or the ship. The victory of the ship is a naval victory. The victory of the gun is a victory for the land fort.

The result of the test made on May 17th of an 1100-pound WHEELER-STERLING solid steel shot, fired at 1300 yards' distance from a new thirteen-inch gun against an eighteen-inch CARNEGIE armor-plate, was accordingly a victory for coast defence. The shot, fired with a velocity corresponding to the maximum striking velocity procurable at 1300 yards' range, broke the plate in four pieces and buried itself in the sand bank behind the plate. The shot was broken to pieces, but the head was whole. The heavy oak backing behind the plate was completely demolished. The result claimed, as established by the test, was that no armor in existence could keep out the thirteen-inch projectile at 1300 yards.

Further tests will be required to definitely establish the capacity of the projectile against an eighteen-inch armor-plate. The armor-plate used in this trial was one of the acceptance plates for the side armor of the *Oregon*. It had already stood the strain of two acceptance shots from the twelve-inch rifle and one from the thirteen-inch gun. Two of these shots had split the plate through and through in another part. As it is, the tests are of incalculable value. They seem to decide the question between the twelve-inch and the thirteen-inch guns on the new battle-ships. They certainly settle the point that there is no war-ship afloat that could stand the fire of a thirteen-inch gun from one of our battle-ships or from one of our land batteries.

A DEGRADED STATE.

THE decision of Judge GOFF on the registration law of South Carolina is a remarkable judicial event. Judge GOFF is known as an intense Republican partisan, who, like all Southern Republicans, holds that the welfare of the Southern States may be best promoted by Federal control and interference. His opinion, therefore, is not as convincing as a like opinion by a judge who is less of a partisan would have been, and this view of the matter is strengthened by the judge's own confession that in rendering this decision "duty mingles with inclination." It is so much a judge's duty to suppress his inclination that this confession of entertaining one is suggestive that inclination may have controlled the judicial mind.

Judge GOFF has decided that the registration law of South Carolina is unconstitutional; that it offends against both the Constitution of the State and the Constitution of the United States. There seems to be no doubt that the registration law of South Carolina was designed to cheat the ignorant and the unwary, and that the Tillmanites expected by rascally manipulation of it to control the coming Constitutional Convention of the State. It is a new departure in the history of Federal jurisprudence, however, for the Federal court to set aside a State law by injunction in order to protect the State's own citizens. It may be that this question will be decided finally by the Supreme Court at Washington. In the mean time lawyers will doubt the validity of Judge GOFF's decision, notwithstanding the good results that may be expected to flow from it. The Federal government obtains jurisdiction over a State law affecting the suffrage under the Fifteenth Amendment, which provides that the right of a citizen to vote shall not be "denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Judge GOFF, therefore, must have held that the registration law of South Carolina offended against the Federal Constitution by discriminating against the negroes. The statute itself, however, is general, and applies to whites as well as blacks. Indeed, the white Democrats of the State, of the respectable sort, who sustain Judge GOFF, say that the registration law is aimed at them as well as at the negroes. If this contention is true, then whatever discrimination there may be in the registration law cannot be based on "race, color, or previous condition of servitude," and any other discrimination but that, even although it might include the negroes, would not bring the law within the meaning of the Fifteenth Amendment, unless the Supreme Court is ready to carry the Federal power much further than it has yet done.

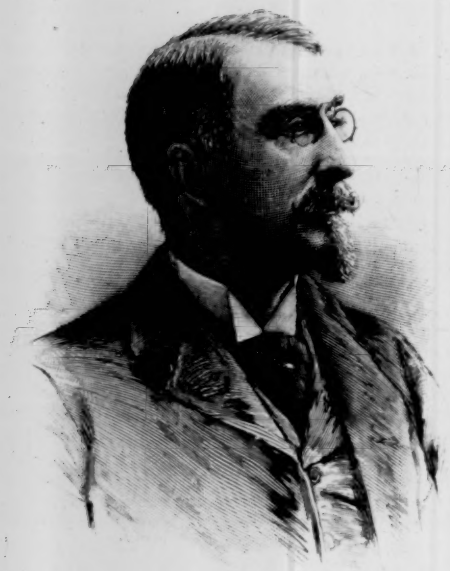
Judge GOFF's decision, however, gives partial expression to the desires of all who have the welfare of South Carolina at heart. Through the instrumentality of Populism or Tillmanism the State has been degraded. It is in the power of its meanest, most ignorant, and most vicious classes. Its government is a disgrace to the country. It is itself lawless and barbarous. Its officials have no respect for the law. Its judges are on the bench not to administer justice, but to carry out the narrow, dangerous, and communistic policy of the ignorant whites who have "captured" the State government. If the law does not sustain that policy, so much the worse for the law. The Governor and the courts vie with each other in riding rough-shod over it. South Carolina's government is republican in form, but not in substance. This very registration law, for example, was enacted for the purpose of fastening on the State the rule of the base and ignorant mob that made TILLMAN first Governor and then Senator, and has now placed in the Executive chair one EVANS, a young man of uncertain mind and bad principles, with a large talent for revolutionary boastfulness, without the courage to abide by his threats. And although the law is clearly against the State Constitution, Tillmanite judges cannot be trusted to protect the citizens of the State and to declare it so. Such a state of things is unexampled, except in a smaller degree in this State. In New York police corruption has been authorized by PLATT's Legislature; in South Carolina the statutes and the courts unite to put the State in control of the worst men of the commonwealth. It is in consequence of this terrible degradation that the extraordinary interference of the Federal court has been invoked.

SOME BENEFICENT LEGISLATION.

THE Tenement-house Committee of New York seems to have overcome the politics of the Legislature, at least it was able to procure some reforms in the laws affecting the poor and their children which ought greatly to lighten the burdens and to relieve the miseries of those who are too often the victims of grasping capitalists and predatory politicians. Briefly, the laws which Mr. GILDER's committee has procured provide small parks for the most crowded tenement-house districts in New York, and forbid the erection of any school-house in the future without an adequate play-ground. They place the sanitary inspection of the Health Department on a better basis, adding to the numbers of inspectors and of the sanitary police. Strict regulations are provided for the maintenance of a good sanitary condition in tenement-houses, and the condemnation and demolition of unsanitary tenements under certain restrictions and with a due regard to the rights of property-owners are authorized. Precautions against fires that have been so frequent in tenement-house districts are provided. In short, the new laws are efforts to ameliorate life in the overcrowded parts of a great city, and to protect those who especially need help from the peculiar dangers that beset them.

To those who are most familiar with the course of legislation at Albany, and with the character of the legislators, it will seem strange that such measures as these were permitted to pass. Surely, it will be said, the tenement-house owners of New York might have bought the defeat of that bill at least which seeks to compel them to expend large sums of money to improve their houses, to increase their ventilation, and to limit the trades and occupations that can be carried on in them. Nevertheless the laws are passed, and while it would be useless to speculate as to whether legislators were afraid to reject them, or were not approached with the proper arguments, it is not out of the way to suggest that the interested parties may think it cheaper to attempt to defeat them through the bipartisan system of corruption which most Republican and Tammany politicians hope to see re-established in municipal affairs at no distant day.

Every citizen of New York is vitally interested in securing the efficient administration of these statutes, and the safeguards which this committee has procured from the Legislature ought to be adopted and enforced in every city in this country where there are tenement-house districts. They are not the expressions of charity entirely, and not at all of that patronizing paternalism which is so offensive to its intended beneficiaries. They are the embodiment of common-sense, and constitute a common precaution against the breeding of contagious diseases, the maintenance of starting-places for conflagrations, not to speak of the closer supervision of the criminal classes which such legislation will give to the police through the breaking up of their hiding-places. The citizens of New York have not been famous for demanding the proper enforcement of their laws, but they are alive to their best interests now, and they ought to recognize that chief among those interests are the peace, security, and health which these new laws are intended to promote.



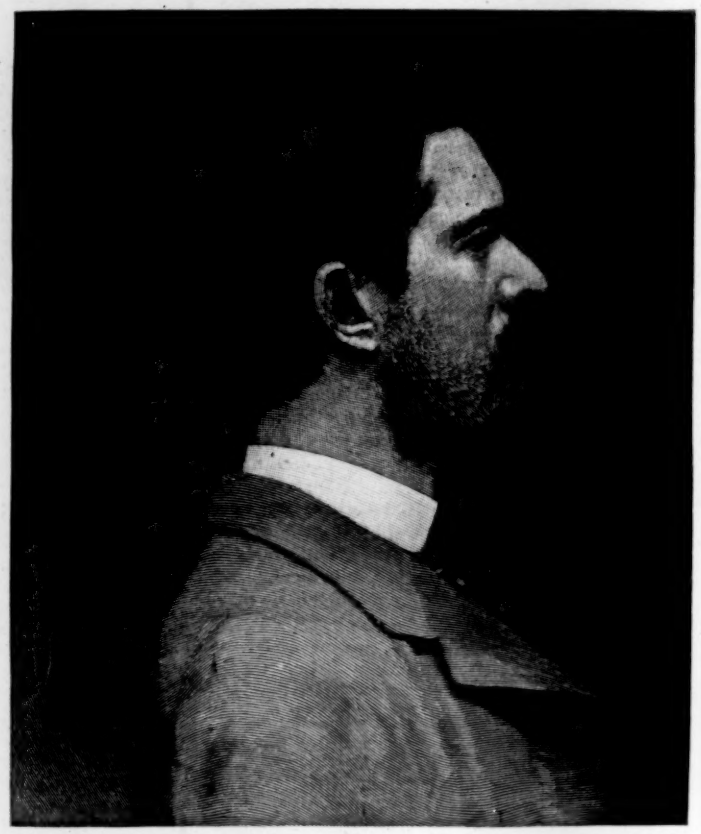
HENRY A. DUPONT.

DELAWARE'S SENATORIAL FIGHT.

THE Legislature of Delaware adjourned at three o'clock on May 9th, after having taken 211 ballots in the attempt to elect a United States Senator to succeed Anthony Higgins, whose term expired on the 4th of last March. At the conclusion of the balloting the Speaker of the House declared Henry A. Dupont elected to the office, but upon grounds to which exception may be taken. The contest was one of the most obstinate which have marked the present method of choosing United States Senators, and has been regarded with disfavor very generally. The original candidates for the vacant office in Delaware were ex-Senator Higgins and J. Edward Addicks, whose principal claim to the place was the assistance he had lent to the Republican cause in Delaware and his close affiliations with certain large corporations. The Legislature of Delaware is Republican, and it therefore was not a question of politics, but one of men solely, with which the legislators had to deal. The contest between Higgins and Addicks promised, almost from the first, to be a long and hard-fought one, and each day of its duration, since it began about four months back, but confirmed the indications at the start. George V. Massey, who was an early candidate for the position, also developed a strong following, and for a time it looked as if a compromise might be effected upon him. But the supporters of Addicks were immovable, and with varying results the ballots were taken, no significant change in the relative strength of the two foremost candidates being manifest, though a proportion of those who voted now for one of those men and now for the other at times lent endorsement to the nominations of several other names, the Democratic candidate receiving party support, though scarcely with hope of his election. Republican caucuses were likewise fruitless, and finally, the day before the Legislature adjourned, ex-Senator Higgins's name was withdrawn, his supporters regarding his election as beyond hope. Mr. Addicks's candidacy, however, was not materially forwarded thereby, and the Republican vote was centred upon a new man, H. A. Dupont. William Dupont, whose name was also presented for a time, secured endorsement which seemed to promise a speedy settlement of the difficulty; but it was not long before H. A. Dupont was seen to be the strongest of the candidates, and the struggle then developed into a monotonous taking of ballots, all of them with practically similar outcome. The presence of Governor Watson, who exercised his alleged prerogative as Speaker of the Senate and appeared in the Senate, made sixteen votes necessary to a choice, and such a result was not to be obtained. The final ballot left Mr. H. A. Dupont still lacking one vote, but the Speaker declared his majority one, entitling him legally to the office of Senator, the idea being by such declaration to give basis for a contest before the United States Senate.

Governor Watson may assume that the failure of the Legislature to give any one candidate the prescribed number of votes leaves to him the right to fill the vacant Senatorship by appointment, in which case, being a Democrat himself, he, this to be supposed, would name one of his own political faith for the position. Such an appointment would in all probability lead to a continued vacancy in the office in question, since the acceptance of the man thus selected by the United States Senate would be against precedent. A like case in which the Senate refused to accept the appointment was that of Montana, whose Governor named Lee Mantle for the Senate in 1893, but to no purpose, as the Senate, after an investigation by committee, would not take action on the favorable report which was returned.

H. A. Dupont, whom the Speaker of the House at Dover has declared elected, was born at Wilmington in 1838, and is a graduate of the United States Military Academy. He served as Lieutenant in the Topographical Engineer Corps. Later he was made First Lieutenant and, in turn, Captain of the Fifth Artillery. In 1862 he was Assistant Adjutant-General at New York, and in 1864 was actively engaged at the front. He participated in a number of battles in the same year, and was in Crook's Corps. He attained to the rank of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, and was one of the commission which was appointed to examine the tactics of the arms of the service. For some years he has been engaged in the railroad business, and also is a member of the famous firm of powder-makers.



JOHN S. SARGENT.—[SEE PAGE 509.]

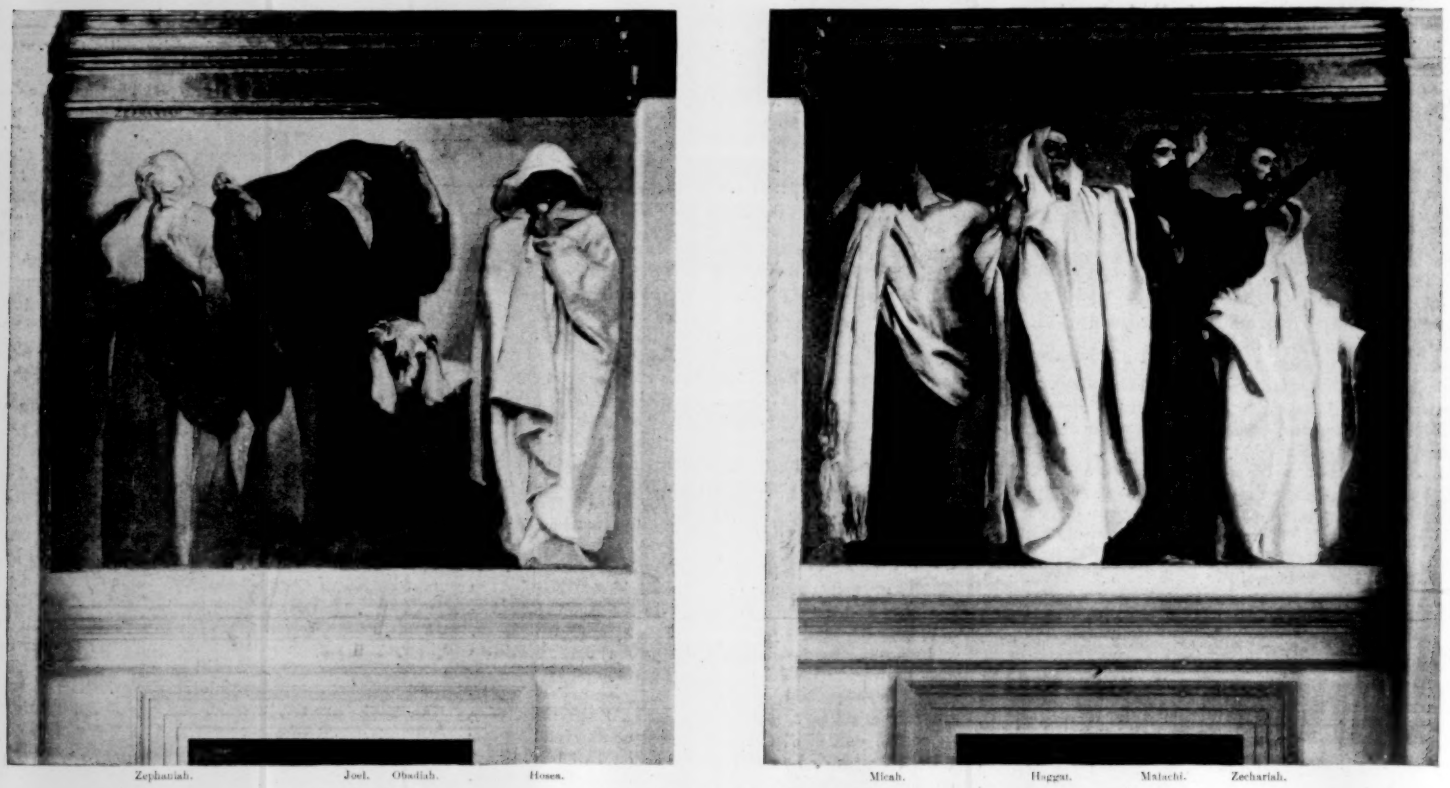
THE POST-OFFICE AS A BANK.

THE advocates of a postal savings-bank will find, if they inquire of the postal authorities at Washington, that the Post-office Department is used as a savings-bank now by a great many people. Last year 30,000 duplicates of money-orders were issued. Many of these were issued in place of orders which had been invalidated by defective endorsement or had been lost, but a great number of them undoubtedly were issued in place of money-orders which were purchased for the purpose of depositing money safely in the government's care. A money-order (or, as it is called now, a postal order) is a certificate of deposit. It pays no interest; in fact, the depositor has to pay for the privilege of making the deposit. But the fee charged is only nominal, and the safety assured is greater than that of banks or safe-deposit vaults. Even the loss of the certificate does not endanger the deposit. A duplicate will be issued by the Post-office Department on application of the purchaser.

The people who use the money-order service as a savings institution are usually people who are travelling, or people who have gone to the West to make a fortune, and who expect to return East to spend it. Actors frequently buy money-orders on New York city. Miners in the far West use the money-order as a means of remitting money East. So common is this practice that at more than one-half the money-order offices in the postal service surplus funds are forwarded at regular intervals, most of them being sent to New York city to pay money-orders issued on the post-office there. New York city is the centre of the money-order system, and all drafts by post-offices which receive more money-orders than they issue are made on New York.

When a money-order is a year old it is invalid, but the Post-office Department will issue a duplicate at any time on application. There is no limit to the life of a money-order, and the man who wishes to deposit his money with the Post-office Department can keep it there as long as he pleases. Many old money-orders representing savings are found in safe-deposit boxes, in desks, and so on, in the administration of estates. The Money-order Division of the Post-office Department is receiving these old orders constantly. Some of them are fifteen and twenty years old.

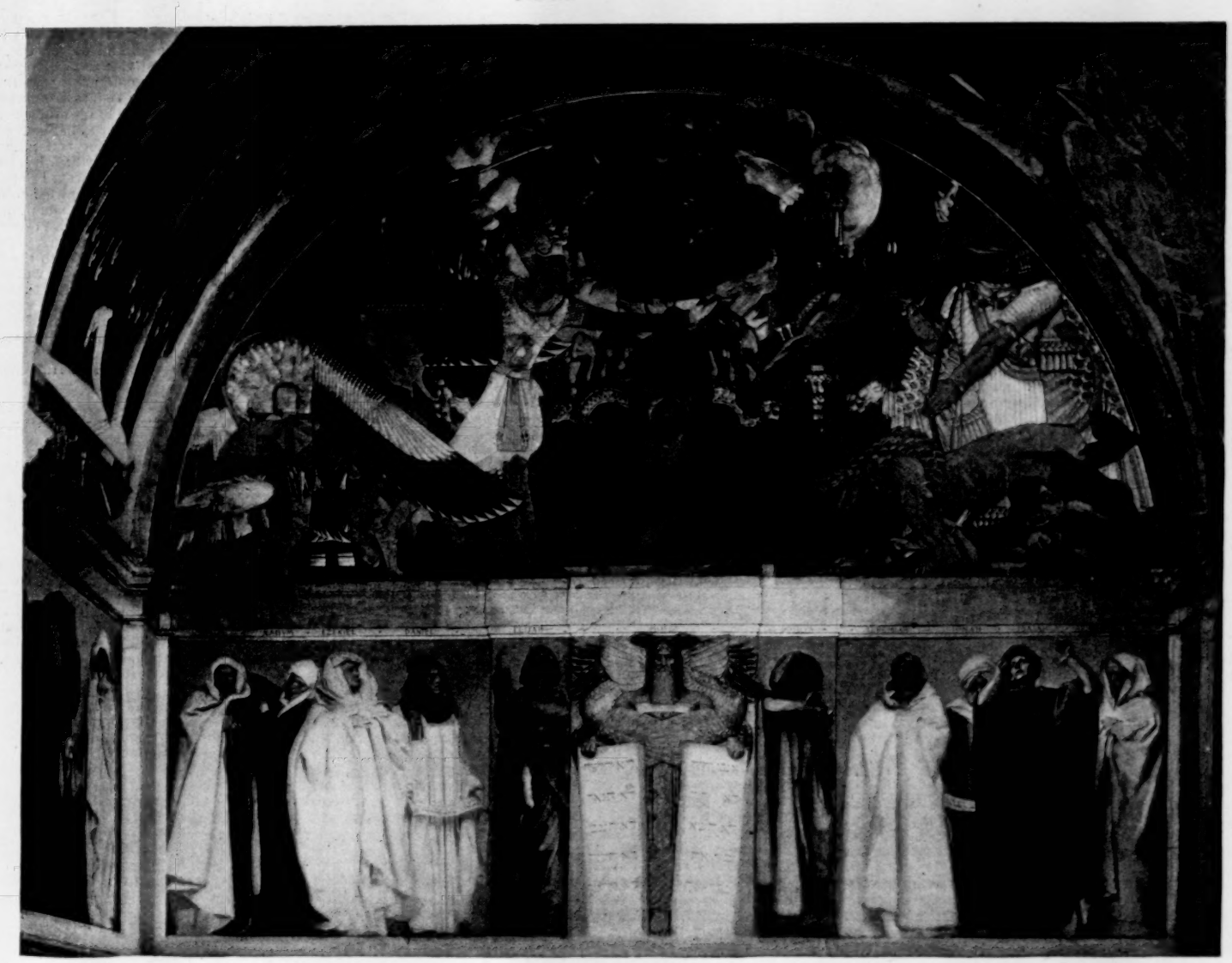
GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.



Zephaniah. Joel. Obadiah. Hosea. Micah. Haggai. Malachi. Zechariah.

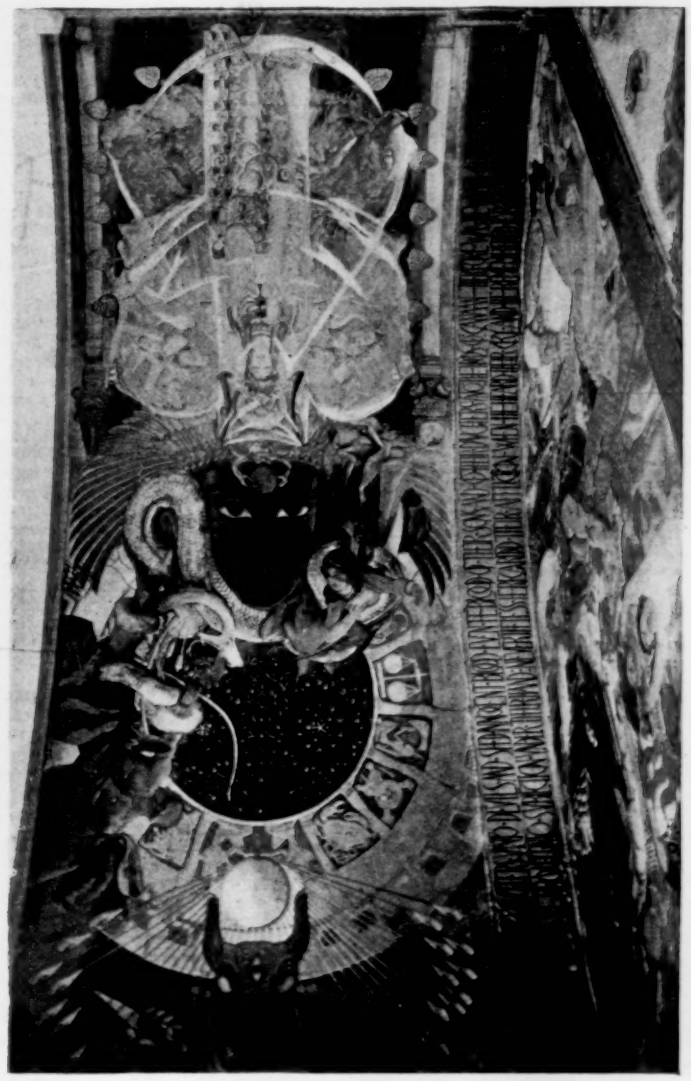
LEFT PANEL. FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PROPHETS. RIGHT PANEL.

JOHN S. SARGENT'S DECORATIONS FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.—[SEE PAGE 509.]



LUNETTE, REPRESENTING THE CONFUSION OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL, ABOVE THE CENTRAL PANEL OF THE FRIEZE OF THE PROPHETS.

FIGURE OF MOLOCH IN CEILING ARCH.



HEAD OF NEITH AND FIGURE OF ASTARTE (SHOWN INVERTED) IN CEILING.

JOHN S. SARGENT'S DECORATIONS FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.—[SEE PAGE 509.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

In his new story, With the Procession, Mr. Henry B. Fuller has produced an effect which a talent either less firm or less fine must have failed of. He has given the reader a sense of movement such as the spectator gets from the well-filled spaces and reaches of a bass-relief, and to this end he has sacrificed whatever wish an author may be supposed to have for complete detachment in his figures, and for all-round study of them. I do not know that an author ever really has this wish, and I rather think he has it less and less as he instructs himself in the functions and limits of his art. If his business is to impart a feeling of life, he must realize more and more that his figures cannot be too intimately inwrought with their environment, or that they cannot be too distinctly shown as an outgrowth of it. The prime condition of their being themselves is that they shall be of their circumstance; whatever projection they have is from their dependence upon each other; and the author when he works artistically works with an instinctive perception that in æsthetics there is no such thing as individuality. Character is interesting, is possible, only as it is affected by character; and the persons of any group severally appeal to us only in the measure that they are characterized by the surroundings. Otherwise they are merely allegorical types, without vital meaning or value.

I.

I do not know how conscious Mr. Fuller may have been in his fealty to Chicago when he was writing his story, but it seems to me that I have never read a book more intensely localized, that is to say, realized. The result, whatever the motive, testifies to the truth I have suggested, and I should not care to find that it was altogether intentional. I would much rather find in his work a proof, beyond the author's will, of the potent quality of Chicago, which is of such strength that you first feel her people to be Chicagoans, and then men and women.

Perhaps any touch of fondness in him would be a touch of weakness, and perhaps it is well that for the present at least his sense of Chicago should be so critical. It need not be antipathetic because it is critical; in fact we can sympathize only with what we thoroughly understand, and criticism is merely the expression of thorough understanding. This perfect intelligence is what strikes one first and last in Mr. Fuller's book. He isn't fumbling in the dark, at any moment; he isn't guessing at the characters from certain clews; he isn't building up figures from bits of personality, gathered here and there as any alien observer might gather them. He was himself born to the manner of the people he depicts, and the wonder in his case is that he is able to regard them sufficiently aloof to get them and their belongings into such true perspective.

II.

Whether Mr. Fuller likes his people or not is not important to me. I find it enough that he likes to write of them; and whether I like them or not, I am sure that I like to read of them. Perhaps if I were sharply cross-questioned I should have to own that I did like them. I will own without this that I like such a man as David Marshall, who is caught up from what ought to be the quiet of his declining years by his ambitious daughter and made to take that place in society his money entitles him to, and all the habits and ideals of his life unfit him for. I like Jane Marshall, whose filial love and family pride are finally the death of her father. I like vastly her powerful ally Mrs. Bates, the society leader who remains humorously simple and inexpugnably natural in spite of her wealth and position, and who enters into the fun as well as the spirit of Jane's ambition, and feels too late its pathos and tragedy. She is a great mass of good sense, and good will, and good principle, and retrospective sentiment, and is perhaps the chief triumph of the book, though she is not truer than the more difficult and reluctant portrait of her contrast, the hard, dry, narrow wife of David Marshall. There is extremely good work in all the figures: Mrs. Belden, the pushing wife of Marshall's junior partner and enemy, with her hair "yellower than a woman's hair ought to be at any time of life," the New York girl who is visiting her, with her most amusing mixture of vulgarity and romance, generosity and self-seeking; the mean-souled little Rosamond Marshall, who is built for the worldly success she promptly achieves; and the pseudo-Europeanized Theodore Marshall. It is not easy to possess the reader of a due sense of these personalities, or that of Theodore's dull, conscientious, tiresome elder brother Roger, or such a native type of girlish sweetness as Bertie Patterson.

A very fine and true thing is the attitude of the Marshall family toward a shady fact of Theodore's life in Europe, when it is brought home to them in the presence of the cast-off partner of his guilt, as they think it. They have no conception of anything but his marrying her, and it is only through his sophisticated scorn of the notion that they conceive of buying her off and marrying her to some one else. Underneath all the lacker and gilding of the life portrayed it is valuably shown how near the surface the good American ideals still lie, and how the deep heart of kindness, which differences America from Europe, is yet unspoiled. This is the consolation for the observer of a social spectacle which is not much more unmeaning and aimless in Chicago than in New York, and only a little more openly frantic.

III.

Meanwhile it is interesting to note how the conditions and the student of them have arrived together in the metropolis of the West. Chicago had no sooner settled into a pose than an artist of her own was there to catch the very form and color of her life. I can fancy her not quite liking the picture, but I cannot fancy her not being proud of the painter. At present we have no one to compare with him in the East, in scale and quality of work. Our writers are still studying our local traits in sketches more or less graphic and truthful, but without an attempt at largeness or unity. I am glad of a good thing of any kind, however, and I was hospitably disposed towards the Chimmie Fadden Stories of Mr. E. W. Townsend, which promised, with what seemed to me some well-ascertained traits and accents, to report a phase of humanity peculiar to New York. Since the far-off days of Mose and the b'hoys, the New York tough has evolved in a new direction, but not, I think, in the direction of the manservant so loyal to the rich and great as Chimmie Fadden, who idolizes his beautiful young mistress, and defers, even to the point of taking a thrashing from him, to his patrician master. This is as the rich and great would like it to be, no doubt. They must have toughness idealized, and they must have the slums cleaned up a little, or even a good deal, if they are to have them in literature. I suppose there are those who think they had better not have them there at all, and I am inclined to think so too if they must have them cleaned up. The only use there can be in presenting them to polite people is to give polite people a realizing sense of what they would themselves be if they had always lived in the slums, or what they would become if they were to live in them a few months as hopelessly as the natives do. Their measurable fidelity to some such end seems to me reason enough for Slum Stories of London by Mr. Henry W. Nevison. They are not ill done, as things go. I could imagine that the cockney dialect was pretty well rendered in them; but the author had proposed to tell the story in the person of a native, and he is rather apt to forget his assumed character and talk like a literary man. A literary man is often very bad when he is talking like himself, but when he lets one of the slum-born talk like him it is doubly disappointing. Still, in spite of this technical defect, Mr. Nevison does manage to impart a feeling of what the slums and the slum-born are; and I found myself reading his stories, one after another, with an interest which I cannot keep for long in more factitious fiction.

IV.

It is largely a question of more or less, but there is a line somewhere which when you have passed it seems to divide the real from the unreal in a decisive fashion. On one side is life and on the other is make-believe. In reading such a book as Slum Stories I feel that I am on the make-believe side of the line, but well up toward the life zone, but in reading such a book as The Children of the Ghetto, I am sure of being on the life side, and in the zone of the greatest reality. This is all rather topographical, but I hope it says something useful. If it does not, I trust it will not invalidate my judgment of Mr. I. Zangwill's work with the readers. His book is not new, though I fancy it will be novel to the general public. With a small group it was a cult three or four years ago, before he began to grow into the prominence he has now. It was then issued in this country by the Jewish Publication Society, somewhat oddly, for though it is the work of a Jew whose great talent distinguishes him even among his gifted people, it is not either in its study of the first generation in the ghetto, or the first generation out of it, a praise of the Jews, exactly. In the earlier and much the larger half of the book, which is a bundle of loosely connected sketches or episodes, there is nothing impassioned or affectionate on the part of the author, who portrays with artistic aloofness the many strong, not to say rank characters of the Yiddish-speaking Polish Jews of the London slums. Pathos is not wanting, but it is not the kind that seeks to make favor or interest for the pathetic subjects with the reader, who is invited rather to share the author's critical and analytic point of view, and in the presence of their alien observances, superstitions, traditions, and customs is left to suffer for them entirely upon his own responsibility. He is rather apt to take the risk and to do this, if I may speak from my own experience. Fiction has had few more poignant moments for me than I have known in some of these sketches, where nothing sordid, nothing mean, or even grotesque, is blinked. In fact, it is the robust frankness of treatment that gives them their power, and this is consistent with the greatest delicacy of touch. Mr. Zangwill has abundant humor of his own; he is easily the wittiest Jew since Heine; and his humor spares no racial absurdity or eccentricity. He does not fail, on the other hand, to recognize with the true poet's sense the sublimity of that living faith which keeps the poor and ignorant true to Israel's loss and Israel's hope, and is never wholly comical except when the rich and cultivated among the grandchildren of the ghetto try to reconcile it, as comfortable Christians do in their own case, with worldly ambitions and ideals.

V.

One of the novels I have lately read is Almayer's Folly, by Joseph Conrad, a writer new to me, but apparently English. It is sub-titled A Story of an Eastern River, and it deals with the fortunes of a young Dutch trader and adventurer on the tropic coast of Africa somewhere, who marries a Malay woman, and has a daughter, who lapses through her love into the savagery of her mother's race, after having had enough of the civilization of her father's in a Dutch colonial family. A sense of close, damp, scalding weather, with thunder-stormy ebullitions, seems to brood over the whole story, which has plenty of picturesqueness in the varied rascality of the local Arabs and Malays, and the ineffectual visits of the Dutch men-of-war. It seemed to me that the circumstance was all mighty good, but I felt that I was allowed to imagine it too much for myself. I longed for greater explicitness and downrightness in the author, who has an effect of taking his reader's privity for granted, and who, for me at least, promised more than he performed with his excellent materials. Yet, but for this teasing vagueness, the story is good, if depressing, and imparts a sense of strange, far-off life, going on contemporaneously with our own upon conditions which are rather those of a much remoter century.

The same sort of dimness—to call it so for want of a better name—used sometimes to vex me in the atmosphere of Miss Murfree's admirable books, and I was glad to find so little of it in her last. I mean, The Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge and Other Stories, by Charles Egbert Craddock, who has done in at least two of these sketches, His Day in Court, and The Riddle of the Rocks, as fine and beautiful work as we have ever had from her pen. In fact, I do not know but I should put these almost the first in her excellent achievement. The last-named is exquisite in its truth to that type of poetic idealism which sometimes flowers out in the rudest and wildest life. If the author had done nothing but divine and portray such a character as that of the dreamy enthusiast who found the broken Tables of the Law on the Tennessee mountain, and read from them mercy and justice to his cruel enemy, she would have approved herself master in her art.

Now that the clatter of the tin armor and property swords of the heroes of British romance, which has lately filled our magazines, is beginning to die away, I hope we shall hear again the messages which this gifted woman has to deliver in our fiction, and which the sham-fights of our noisier cousins have seemed to drown, with other native voices that I love. A difficulty in Miss Murfree's case is that her messages are so largely spoken with the East Tennessee accent, or in one of those parlances which we too easily call "dialect." The public has "got tired" of dialect, and I suppose this has something to do with the abeyance in which the whole American school of fiction has undeniably languished for some time past. But this fact brings me to a matter which I cannot treat at due length in this paper.

W. D. Howells.

MONEY, BANKING, AND CURRENCY.

XIII.

The notion that low prices have been compelled by the alleged "demonetization" of silver in 1873, and that they have caused general distress, has been sufficiently answered. Low prices have not resulted from a disuse of silver as money, for there has been an increase in the amount of silver money since 1873; nor from a decrease of the quantity of money in existence and in circulation, for there has been an increase of that. They are due to other causes, which have been explained, and they have aided instead of retarded the welfare of the people. A bushel of grain buys more than it bought twenty years ago, and a day's work buys much more than it purchased when the pretended "crime against silver" was committed.

It remains to examine some further evidences of the country's prosperity during the last twenty years. Not only can a day of effort obtain more of the necessaries and luxuries of life, but the public burdens have been decreased and consumption has increased, while if there has been a slight increase in taxes, it is because of the expenditures of local governments, for which the people themselves are responsible. Local taxes may represent increased prosperity. The community may add to their common expenditure because they feel better able to pay for permanent improvements or commercial luxuries. Taxes may, and often do, grow by reason of the carelessness or corruption of local authorities, but if the people of any community do not desire to be burdened by the ignorance or corruption of their servants, they have the remedy in their own hands.

The signs of the increased wealth and prosperity of the people of the United States since 1873 are abundant. The people of this country, as a whole, have not been distressed either by the currency act of 1873 or by any other cause. Here and there individuals or classes may have suffered by over or extravagant production, or by the growth of competition in special industries and in foreign countries. Great distress and disturbance have been wrought by the acts of 1878 and 1890, which were intended to "rehabilitate silver." But during the period from 1873 to 1894 the people reduced the interest bearing public debt from $1,710,483,950 to $635,041,890, thereby saving nearly $73,000,000 a year in interest alone. The result of the silver act of 1878 was to immediately increase the debt by about $28,500,000, and the annual interest charge by $750,000, while the act of 1890, and accompanying extravagant appropriation, increased the debt from $585,029,330 in 1892 to $635,041,890 in 1894. At the same time the debt on which no interest is paid decreased, from 1873 to 1879, from $472,069,333 to $410,835,742. After the passage of the Bland-Allison act in 1878, and of the Sherman act of 1890, and up to 1892, it increased from $410,835,742 to $1,000,648,939. Since the repeal of the Sherman act this debt has been reduced. Thus the people have paid off about $1,100,000,000 of their interest-bearing debt since 1873, and the efforts to "rehabilitate silver" have alone checked the work of wiping out this burden.

In 1873 the net deposits in the national banks of the United States were $673,400,000; in 1894 they were $2,019,300,000. I have not the data of savings-banks prior to 1883. In that year their deposits amounted to $1,024,856,787. In 1894 they amounted to $1,777,933,242.

I have already spoken of our increased production of agricultural wealth. In 1873 this country exported cotton goods of the value of $2,947,528. In 1894 its exports of cottons, in quantity, had multiplied more than fourfold, and their value had increased to $14,340,886. In 1873 the country produced 264,344,148 gallons of crude petroleum, and in 1894 its production had increased to 2,033,331,972 gallons. In 1873 the total product of cane sugar in this country was 134,832,493 pounds; in 1894 it was 610,825,618 pounds. In 1873 our wool product was 158,000,000 pounds; in 1894 it was 298,057,384 pounds. In 1874 we manufactured 2,401,202 tons of pig-iron; in 1894 we made 7,124,502 tons.

If we examine the statistics of this period, so prosperous in spite of adverse tariff and silver legislation, with reference to the population of the country, we find that they are quite as encouraging. Increased wealth, easier circumstances, are shown by the lightening of the burdens of debt to the individual, and by his greater consumption of the necessaries and luxuries of life.

In 1873 the public debt was a little more than $50 for each individual in the country; in 1894 it was about $13. The per capita consumption of cotton increased from 15.19 to 15.91 pounds; of sugar, from 39.8 to 66.4 pounds; of coffee, from 6.87 to 8.01 pounds; of malt liquors, from 7.21 to 15.18 gallons. The consumption of wheat and distilled spirits fell off, and the consumption of raw wool remained about stationary. The revenue of the post-office increased from 55 cents to $1 10 per capita, and the expenditures from 70 cents to $1 24. The expenditures for public schools increased from $5 95 to $8 31 per capita, 1893 being the last year for which data are available on this subject.

I have already stated the decline in the cost of transportation within this period. In 1873 the average toll on a telegraph message was 62½ cents, and the profit on it

was 19.1 cents. In 1894 the average cost was 30½ cents, and the profit was slightly less than 10 cents.

In 1870 the true value of real and personal property in New England and the Middle States was $15,290,032,678, or $1243 per capita; in 1890 it was $21,435,491,864, or $1232 per capita. In the Southern Atlantic States, the value in 1870 was $2,249,280,146, or $384 per capita; in 1890 it was $5,132,980,666, or $579 per capita. It will be seen that the South has been especially blessed with increase of wealth since the commission of the "crime of 1873." The same is true of the Middle West, including the Dakotas, Nebraska, and Kansas. In the twenty years the property of that section increased in value from $9,542,053,355 to $25,255,915,549, or from $735 to $1129 per capita. The story of growing prosperity in these twenty years is repeated in the Middle South, including Kentucky and Tennessee, the Gulf States, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and the Indian Territory. The value of property increased there from $2,152,182,361 to $6,401,281,019, or from $334 to $569.* In the Northwestern and Pacific States the census statistics tell a far more wonderful story of growth in wealth and prosperity. In 1870 the total property of those States and Territories was valued at $834,969,958, or $843 per capita; in 1890 it had increased to $6,811,422,099, or $2250 per capita. The total value of the real and personal property in the United States in these twenty years increased from $30,068,518,507 to $65,037,091,197, or from $780 to $1036 per capita.*

In the mean time taxes have increased and decreased in the various sections of the country, as will appear from the following table, which shows the per capita rates of taxation:

Divisions.	1870.	1890.
New England and Middle	$10 07	$10 29
South Atlantic	3 97	3 69
Middle West	7 42	8 13
Middle South	4 18	3 35
Northwest and Pacific	10 51	13 67
United States	7 28	7 53

Taxes have been reduced per capita in the South, and slightly advanced in the whole country.

In the last decade the total State, county, and local indebtedness has increased in the whole country from $1,123,278,647 to $1,135,210,442, but it has decreased per capita from $22 40 to $18 13.

The free-silver man's tale of woe seems to be unsupported by the facts of the country's industrial history.

H. L. N.

* Omitting the true valuation of the Indian Territory.

JOHN S. SARGENT'S DECORATIONS FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

It seemed a bold venture to many, the intrusting of a great scheme of mural decoration to an artist who, though standing in the front rank of contemporary painters, had had no experience in that particular field. But the results have justified every expectation that the architects of the Boston Public Library could have formed when they assigned the walls of the great hall of the special libraries floor to John S. Sargent.

The work now finished is but a fragment in a great scheme of decoration which is to occupy all the available space in a large, lofty, and narrow hall with a barrel-arched ceiling. The central idea is that in the teachings of the founder of Christianity to His followers the religious thought of the world found its culmination. The portion now before us depicts its development in the history of the Chosen People—the integration of religion out of confusing beliefs, with the firm foundation of the worship of the One God upon the base of the Law and the Prophets. This occupies the wall at one end, with the frieze and the lunette, together with a small section of the side walls adjacent, and of the arched ceiling. The great length of the side wall is to be occupied by a composition devoted to one of the sublimest portions of the New Testament, probably the Sermon on the Mount, with Christ the Saviour as the central figure, and the space at the opposite end, which the artist has now in hand—corresponding to the portion just finished—will be filled with a representation of the formal crystallization of the Christian religion in dogmas, doctrines, and symbols, offsetting those of the primitive religions figured in the first part of the series.

The first impression received is that of a decorative composition of extraordinary magnificence. One is clearly impressed at a glance by the main idea, and is also made to feel the underlying immensity, the vast mystery behind it which slowly unfolds its meanings, its component elements revealing themselves as in a gradual dissolution of veil after veil beneath the calm gaze and the contemplative mind. While Mr. Sargent in this work has duly respected the traditions of his craft, he has utilized with masterly strength all the resources which it has placed at his command and which he could make available, and he has not hesitated to play the innovator. This, however, with no seeking for novel effects, no striving to produce strange sensations, but with the sincere purpose of finding the best possible expression of his ideas. In this we have the stamp of genius; the daring to be original, with the spontaneous manifestation that follows an impulse guided by secure control of inherent strength, and not the seeking for originality. This work furnishes the first example on a great scale of a truly modern interpretation of such a theme; the artistic employment of all the means which scientific investigations have placed at the disposal of the worker in the wonderful fruits of archæological and historical research. It is notable even as a scholarly achievement, and one receives a profound impression of the intellectual quality of the artist, who, for the painting of this series, is said to have accumulated a remarkable library of religious and archæological lore. Yet the impression is not that which such efforts are so apt to make—that of literary or scientific thought learnedly elaborated and illy disguised under a pictorial integument. It is primarily artistic; the natural expression of ideas in form and color, as the musical composer expresses himself in tone. This work, indeed, appeals to the vision in a way strikingly like that in which a grand symphonic work appeals to the ear.

The present decorations have for their theme the confusion which fell upon the children of Israel whenever they turned from the worship of Jehovah to that of the false gods of heathen nations. The story is concisely embodied in the passages from the 106th Psalm, inscribed upon the gold ground of the rib that separates the lunette from the ceiling, beginning, "They forgat God their saviour." The composition in the lunette represents the children of Israel beneath the yoke of their oppressors, into whose hands the Lord had delivered them. On the left stands the Egyptian Pharaoh, on the right the Assyrian king, both monarchs with arms uplifted to strike with scourge and sword. The Israelites, naked in their slavery, bow in despairing submission, their central figure lifts his arms in appealing prayer for deliverance, and behind the yoke a multitude of supplicating hands are raised in agonized imploration to the Lord, to whom his repentant people are making burnt-offering upon the altar. He has heard their prayer; flaming seraphim fly before the face of the Lord, and supply a superb decorative motive with the crimson of their wings which alone symbolize their presence. His face is invisible, but His mighty arms reach down from the cloud and stay the hands of the oppressors.

There is a feeling of tremendous, of irresistible power in these arms of Jehovah, themselves cloudlike, vague, and mysterious. But the upraised arm of the Assyrian king is clutched with a tremendous, viselike grasp, while the hand of the Lord is simply laid upon that of Pharaoh. The differentiation of the Egyptian from the Assyrian oppression is notable; the Assyrian type, which represents the Philistines, is brutal, muscular, gnarled, and knotty in development, as if symbolizing the tyranny of sheer force; the Egyptian is graceful, lithe, supple, and clean-cut—consciously and malignantly cruel. Behind the Assyrian king stands a protecting genius—a figure such as is found upon Assyrian reliefs, with the body of a man and the head of a vulture, holding in one hand a bow, and in the other two arrows. Beside this figure is the Assyrian lion, with two ravens attacking a prostrate corpse. These things graphically symbolize the Assyrian cultus. Among the deities attending the Egyptian monarch is one with a lion's head and wings of black and gold. The Egyptian side is more conventionalized in drawing, while the modelling of the Assyrians is realistic in expression. Prostrate victims beneath the feet of both Assyrians and Egyptians represent the other nations that were oppressed by them. The Assyrian ravens are balanced on the Egyptian side by vultures preying upon the dead.

In the ceiling are represented the pagan deities, the strange gods whom the children of Israel went after when they turned from Jehovah. This is a cosmic conception of wonderful grandeur. Underlying all the figures that populate the ceiling is the gigantic, dark, and shadowy form of the great goddess Neith, the mother of the universe, the goddess whose temple at Sais, in Lower Egypt, was once the centre of wisdom for Greece, whose foremost men in the early days before learning was established in that land came hither for their training, and upon whose veiled image was the inscription: "I am all that was, that is, and that is to be, and my veil has been lifted by no man." The feet of Neith touch the cornice on one side, her uplifted hands that of the other, and her overarching figure constitutes the firmament, whose stars are seen through the ring of the zodiac, which forms a collar for the goddess. The face of Neith is sublimely calm, majestic, and inscrutable. The serpent or dragon of the old Oriental sun myth serves as a necklace for the goddess. Here, with beautiful symbolism, is depicted the eternal conflict between summer and winter in the figure from which was developed the idea of Adonis—the archer who for one half of the year slays the dragon and for the other half is slain by the dragon. The bright and beautiful figure of the archer, loosely wrapped in the red mantle that represents warmth and life, stands releasing from his bow the golden arrows that penetrate the serpent's folds, obscuring in the conflict the six winter months of the zodiac. Then again the archer is seen lying limp and lifeless in the folds of the serpent, his red mantle fallen from his nude form, his bow lying unstrung and useless across his breast. The zodiac is Egyptian in character, and slender conventional figures separate the signs of the months.

In the zodiac the sun stands above the head of Moloch, whose figure is the central feature on the left of the ceiling arch, as is that of Astarte on the right. The sun belongs to Moloch, and its rays, penetrating to the depths of the darkness below, form one of the most striking elements in the decorative effect of Mr. Sargent's work. At the end of each ray is a hand, the Egyptian symbol representing the bestowing and the blessing qualities of the sun's rays as they reach down to the earth.

Moloch is the god of riches and of material things. The hideous monster, tawny and lurid in hue, with the head of a horned beast, is seated—soulless, insensitive, implacable, unyielding. He has four arms; two are uplifted, with a dagger in one and a ball-like object in the other, as if to symbolize brute force and evil to man. His other arms hold writhing human victims. He is attended by five raging lions, the sun's rays passing through the lower ones.

Below Moloch are three dusky Egyptian deities, Isis, Osiris, and Horus. At their feet lies a conventionalized mummy, with a hawk as symbol of the soul.

Gold and lust, greed and sensuality, Moloch and Astarte—these represent the two great powers of evil. The figure of Astarte, the Phœnician goddess, is an exquisitely beautiful conception. The idea of the figure was suggested by a polychromatic statue recently excavated at Athens, but classic materials gave no hint for the expression which Mr. Sargent has embodied with such remarkable success. Like Moloch, she is also soulless, but not insensitive. She is the quintessence of the senses; her delicate, ethereal beauty, fraught with evil, though unconscious of it and careless of it, seems responsive to every appeal from her worshippers. She is draped in a vaporous veil of delicious blue; as the moon goddess she stands upon the crescent, and a python writhes at her feet. Within this veil, which may be regarded as symbolizing the illusion of the senses, are seen at the feet of the goddess two of her victims—one with a vulture tearing at his heart, and the other writhing in the grasp of a chimera. At the head of Astarte, on either side, groups of three graceful female figures wave their arms in enticingly voluptuous rhythm in homage to the goddess.

The third great division of the work is the frieze of the Prophets. This symbolizes the foundation of the religion of Israel upon the structure of the law. Moses is the central figure, and in his priestly robes and symbols is treated conventionally to typify the authority upon which the faith is based. Moses, with the tablets of the Commandments, is modelled in strong relief; the other Prophets are painted on a plane surface, but in their grouping and modelling have a noble plastic feeling. On the right of Moses stands Daniel, on the left, Joshua. The other Prophets, in their order from left to right, are Zephaniah, Joel, Obadiah, Hosea, Amos, Nahum, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Jonah, Isaiah, Habakkuk, Micah, Haggai, Malachi, Zachariah.

This frieze has a character much like that of a Greek chorus interpreting and supporting the movement of a great drama. On the left from the spectator are the prophets of despair, predicting woe to Israel and the fall of the Temple; on the right are the prophets of hope, looking for the coming of the Messiah. There is a beautiful significance in the fact that in the group of the despairing there is a hopeful figure, and in the group of the hopeful a grieving figure. It will be interesting to learn that the artist's favorite figure in this frieze is Hosea, the young Prophet in white who stands fourth from the left. It should be noted that the last three figures on the right point expectantly forward in the direction where the teachings of Christ will be represented.

We have seen that in the figure of Moses, Mr. Sargent has combined the art of the sculptor with that of the painter. This, moreover, characterizes the entire work, which is full of parts modelled in low relief, with a remarkable enhancement of effect. Mr. Abbey, in whose studio, at Fairford, Mr. Sargent has painted these decorations beside the Holy Grail frieze of the former, tells how Mr. Sargent first tried the effect of modelling on the helmet of Pharaoh, and met with such success that he continued it until he had treated the zodiac, the sun rays, the serpent, the lions of Moloch, and various other parts in the same way. From the same source we also learn that the entire wonderful conception of Astarte was painted and finished at one sitting.

The work has a thoroughly mural quality. This is largely conferred by its pervading plastic character, and in the values of stone suggested by the background of the frieze and by the tawny earthen hue of the figures of the Israelites.

STUDENT HONOR IN EXAMINATIONS AT PRINCETON.

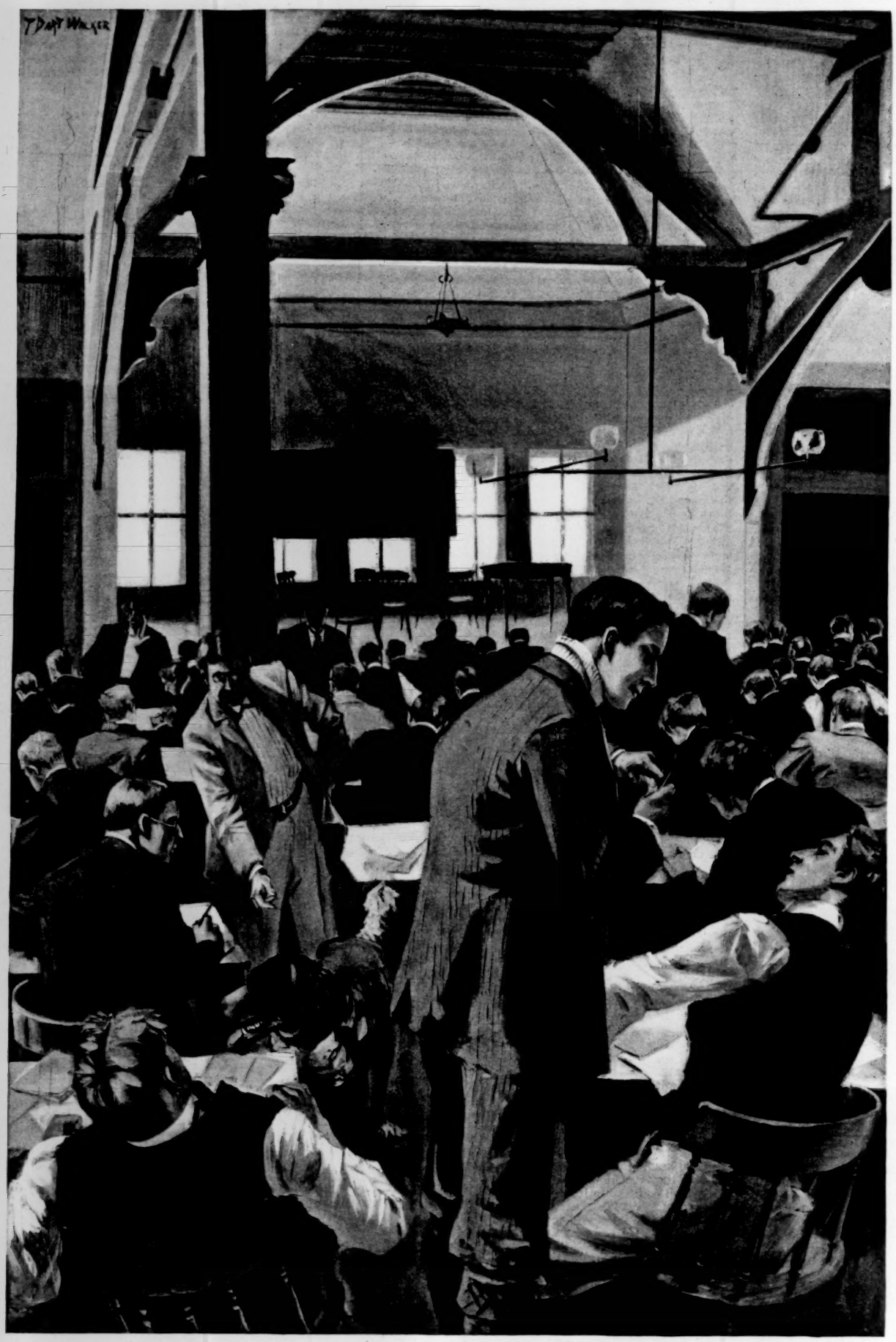
The present method of conducting examinations at Princeton was inaugurated in January, 1893. Just before the mid-year examinations, in response to the strong desire of the college, the Faculty decided to abandon the old plan of watching students, and resolved to put them on their honor. In accordance with their wish, it was also voted that each student be required to sign at the end of his paper a pledge stating that he had neither given nor received assistance in the examination. It was also agreed that instructors were to avoid even the appearance of watching students. The examiner was to be present solely for the purposes of presiding and answering necessary questions, but was to be free to leave the room at any time. The only restraints to be put on the freedom of the students were such as were necessary to preserve the decorum of the examination. They also were free to leave the room and to communicate with one another.

The result was very interesting. Cheating vanished from the examinations of the Senior and Junior classes as if by magic, and from then till now but a single case of it in these classes has been known. Three or four Sophomores had the temerity to brave the frowns and warnings of their neighbors, and cheated openly and somewhat defiantly, while a number of Freshmen cheated shamelessly. The indignation of the college was aroused at once. There was an immediate call for a mass meeting, and one day, before the examinations were half over, there gathered in the Old Chapel the most thoroughly stirred and determined body of undergraduates that ever met on the Princeton campus. No athletic meeting ever equalled it. That meeting decreed that any student mean enough to cheat when put on his honor was no fit man for Princeton, and must go. It appointed a characteristic student committee, of which the leader of the Glee Club was chairman, and football and baseball men and other students of strong personality and pluck were the members, with instructions to summon witnesses and gather what evidence it could respecting the students charged by campus rumor with cheating, to confront these students with the evidence against them, and to deal adequately with every man of whose guilt there was no question.

The Committee discharged its difficult and delicate duty with magnificent fidelity and great discretion. After careful deliberation it very wisely decided that time enough had not elapsed for the college freely to realize the honor principle in examinations, and that it would be fairest—especially as the culprits were all under-class men—to give any man who chose to take it the chance to save himself by confessing his guilt to the examiners under whom he had cheated, and taking another examination. It was its unanimous decision that thereafter but one penalty could be considered—a recommendation to the Faculty of dismission from college.

The Committee was able to get evidence enough to convict two Sophomores and two of the guilty Freshmen, and of these all but one, a Sophomore, availed themselves of the privilege of confessing to their examiners. Against certain other Freshmen, of whose guilt it was convinced, the Committee could not get sufficient evidence, because their friends leagued together to shield them. One man plucky enough to testify was for a time ostracized by his former clubmates. It is an interesting fact that most of these men soon disappeared from college.

The remaining Sophomore—a man who had cheated in almost every examination he had taken, and against whom the evidence was conclusive—was defiant. He denied the jurisdiction of the Committee, refused to submit to trial, and set himself at work among his friends to stir up revolt against the new order of things. The little mutiny was of short duration. A committee of some fifty Juniors waited on the would-be mutineers one night, and nothing further was heard from them. The feeling against the guilty Sophomore meanwhile was becoming intense, and threats were frequent that if he did not soon disappear of his own motion, his traps would be thrown into a mule-cart, and he be drummed out of town after it to the tune of the Rogue's March. He appealed to the Faculty, asserting his innocence most brazenly. The Student Committee at once presented its evidence, withholding only the names of witnesses. The Faculty considered



"STUDENT HONOR"—HOW EXAMINATIONS ARE CONDUCTED AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

it and the defence of the accused man very carefully, was satisfied of his guilt, and promptly required him to leave college.

Since those memorable examinations in January and February, 1893, cheating has been comparatively unknown in Princeton.

At the June examinations of that same year a Freshman copied from the papers of a classmate without his connivance or knowledge. The examiner noticed the correspondences between the papers of the two men, and had no difficulty in determining which of them was guilty, and in seeing that the other was guiltless of giving assistance. By advice of the faculty he laid his evidence before the Student Committee. The guilty man was summoned, admitted his guilt, and was told that if he returned in the fall the faculty would be asked to dismiss him finally from college. He did not return. Twice only since then have indications of cheating been noticed in papers handed in by students. In each instance the evidence was put into the hands of the Student Committee, who found one of the men accused innocent, the other guilty. The guilty man was dismissed from college.

In the mid-year examinations of 1894 two students were proved guilty of cheating, a Senior and a Freshman. The Committee recommended that the Senior be dismissed from college, and the faculty acted in accordance with the Committee's recommendation; but the Freshman was allowed to confess his guilt to his examiner and take a new examination, on the ground that he had not been long enough in Princeton to realize what Princeton honor meant. This Senior was the only upperclass man against whom there has been even a suspicion of cheating since the honor system went into operation. He had the temerity to return for Class day, and was ostracized by his classmates for his pains.

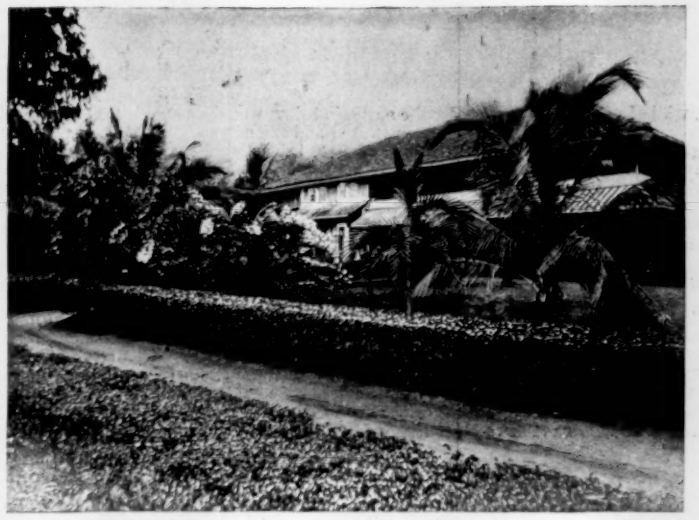
No case of cheating was reported at the examinations in June last, but four cases, all under-class men, came before the Committee after the recent February examinations. One of the four was acquitted, the remaining three convicted. It was recommended to the Faculty, with a presentation of the evidence, as in previous cases, that the one who was a Freshman should, in consideration of that fact, be merely suspended, but that the others be dismissed, unless they chose to withdraw of their own accord within one week. They withdrew at once.

The last two cases illustrate strikingly the high standard set by the Student Committee. Neither man had handed in the portion of his work which was dishonest. Each had been detected using a crib by one of his neighbors, and had seen that he was detected. The one had thereupon handed in a blank paper, and the other a paper from which the dishonest work was carefully erased, and from which the pledge was absent. But when examined by the Committee both were forced to admit that detection alone had prevented the dishonest work going in to the examiner, and the judgment of the Committee, since then unanimously endorsed by a mass-meeting of the college, was that, except in the case of a Freshman, under the honor system cheating in examinations, in whatever degree, whether it consisted in giving or in receiving assistance, was a capital offence, for which there was no adequate penalty short of final separation from college. A culprit whose offence was not particularly heinous was to have the privilege of withdrawing without formal vote of dismissal by the Faculty, but leniency was to go no further.

The original Student Committee disbanded immediately after acting on the cases of cheating which it had been appointed to investigate. Since then there has been no permanent committee, but the presidents of the four undergraduate classes have served as a committee when occasion for investigation and action has arisen. Their work has uniformly been characterized by the utmost care, discretion, and fairness. The mode of procedure is the simplest possible. The witnesses against the accused student are first heard. The accused is then summoned, and, after the evidence against him has been read, allowed to make his statement and to present witnesses for his defence. The case is then decided in accordance with the evidence.

There was a strong feeling at the outset against trammelling the movement with unnecessary machinery, and a conviction that time and experience would evolve the best mode of administering it. But the system has now grown into such definite form that it is possible to embody it in a written constitution. The need of such a constitution has come to be felt, and accordingly one was adopted at a mass-meeting of the college held May 1st of the present year. The purpose of the constitution, as stated in the preamble, is "in order to preserve the high standard of honor recognized by the establishment of the Honor System in examinations, to regulate the procedure and organization of an undergraduate committee of investigation and punishment, and to insure its continuous and uniform action." The constitution is a very complete document, providing for a regular committee, a fixed mode of procedure, and permanent records. The penalty provided for all violations of the "Honor System," except those of Freshmen, is a recommendation to the faculty of final separation from college, "with the addition, in extreme cases, of publication to a mass-meeting of the college." For Freshmen the penalty is to be "a recommendation of suspension for a time determined by the Committee."

The movement has been characterized throughout by much dignity and a freedom from sensational features, and on that account it has attracted but little general notice since its inauguration in 1893. The first news of its success, however, aroused a great deal of interest among the students of other colleges, and the various undergraduate journals at once took up the question. The students of Wesleyan University introduced the Princeton plan. The *Amherst Student* urged that "the new Princeton system" be tried at Amherst. The *Cornell Era* asserted that "a similar change in the method of conducting examinations would be welcomed by the Cornell students." The *Harvard Advocate* characterized the Princeton movement as "better than twenty victories at football," and the *Yale Courant* said, "Princeton is to be congratulated on the step she has taken, and we wish that Yale might be the first to follow her." Such is the history of the movement of the Princeton students for honor in examinations—a movement which has only gained strength with time, and which has established the "Honor System" as one of the permanent institutions of Princeton.

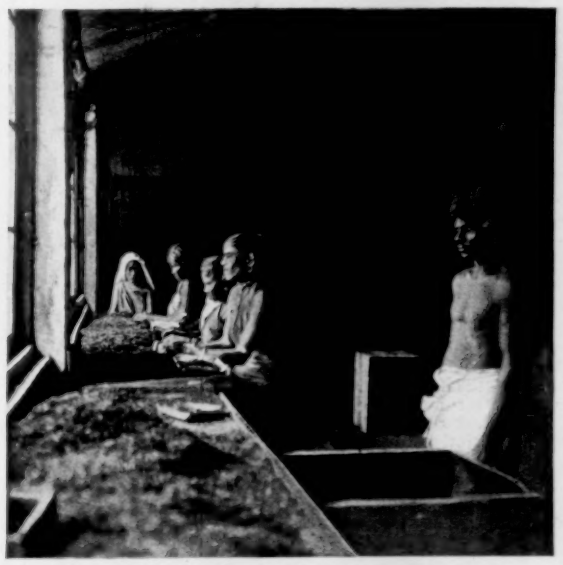


A TEA-PLANTER'S BUNGALOW NEAR GAMPOLA.

TEA FACTORY NEAR GAMPOLA.

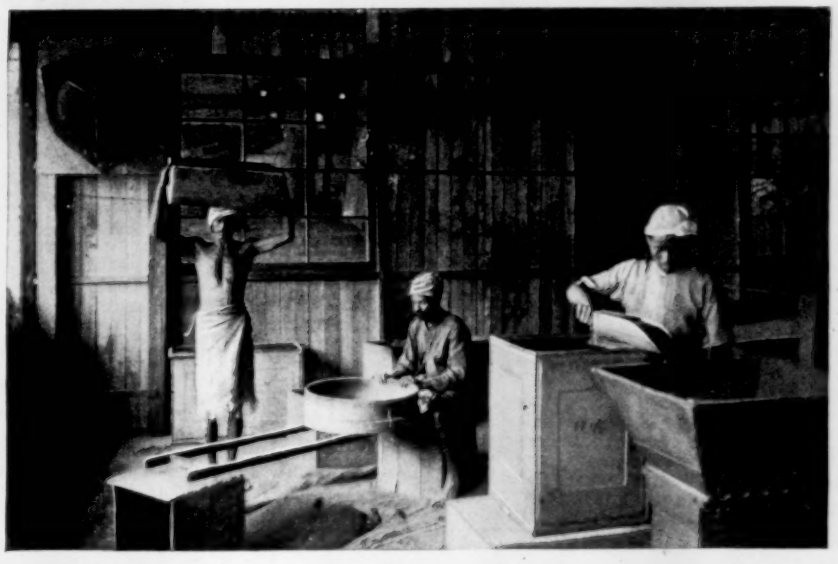
TAMIL COOLIES PLUCKING THE GREEN LEAF.

IN THE "WITHERING" LOFT.



SORTING TEA AT THE FACTORY.

SOLDERING AND PACKING.



GRADING AND SIFTING THE DRIED LEAF.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN CEYLON—TEA-GROWING.—Photographs by W. H. Jackson.—[See Page 529.]

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXII.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

YET he was not the first to speak. One of the men behind him took a step forward and cried: "That is the man! He has the gun-barrel still."

"Seize him, then," M. de St. Alais replied. "And take him from here! Monsieur," he continued, addressing me grimly, "whoever you are, when you undertook to be a spy you counted the cost, I suppose? Take him away!"

Two of the men strode forward, and in a moment seized my arms; and in the surprise of M. de St. Alais's appearance, and the astonishment his words caused me, I made no resistance. But in such emergencies the mind works quickly, and in a trice I recovered myself.

"This is nonsense, M. de St. Alais," I said. "You know well that I am no spy. And for the matter of that—"

"I know nothing," he answered.

"But—"

"I know nothing, I say!" he repeated, in a tone of savage mockery. "Except, monsieur, that you are caught red-handed in a monk's dress, when you are clearly no monk. You had better have tried to swim the Rhone at flood than entered this house to-night. Away with him! His case will be dealt with below."

But this was too much. I wrested my hands from the men who held me and sprang back. "You lie!" I cried. "You know who I am and why I am here."

"I don't know you," he answered. "Nor do I know why you are here. I once knew a man like you, but he was a gentleman, and would have died in silence before he would have saved himself by a lie. Take him away. He has frightened mademoiselle almost to death. I suppose he found the door open, and slipped in, and thought himself finely safe."

I understood what he meant, and that in his passion he would sacrifice me rather than bring in his sister's name. Nay, I saw that he viewed with a cruel exultation the dilemma in which he thought that he had placed me; and my brow grew damp, and I looked round wildly as I tried to solve the question. I had the sounds of street fighting still in my ears, and knew that men staking all in such a strife knew few scruples and scant mercy. I could see that this man in particular was almost maddened by the losses and humiliations which he had suffered, and I stood in the way of his schemes. The risk existed, therefore, and was no mere threat, and it seemed foolish quixotism to run it.

And yet—and yet I hesitated. I even let the men urge me halfway to the door, and then—Heaven knows what I should have done, or whether I could have seen my way plainly—the knot was cut for me. With a scream Denise, who since her brother entered had leaned half fainting against the wall, sprang forward and seized him by the arm.

"No, no!" she cried, in a choked voice. "You will not—you will not do this! Have pity, have mercy! I—"

"Mademoiselle," he said, cutting her short quietly, but with a gleam of rage in his eyes, "you are overwrought, and forget yourself. The scene has been too much for you. Here," he continued, sharply, to the maid, "take care of your mistress. The man is a spy, and not worthy of her pity."

"He is no spy!" Denise cried, in a voice that went to my heart. "He is no spy, and you know it!"

"Hush, girl! Be silent!" he answered, furiously.

But he had not counted on a change in her, beside which the change in him was petty. "I will not!" she answered; and, to my astonishment, she released the arm to which she had hitherto clung as a suppliant, and shaking back from her face the hair which her violent movement had loosened, she stood out defying him. "I will not!" she cried. "He is no spy, and you know it, monsieur! He is my lover, and he came to see me. Let all know it! Let all know it! He was contracted to me, and he came to see me."

"Girl, you are mad!" he snarled, in the breathless hush of the room—the hush that followed as all looked at her.

"I am not mad," she answered, her eyes burning in her white face.

"If you feel no shame, do you feel no fear?" he retorted, in a terrible voice.

"No!" she cried. "For I love! And I love him."

I will not say what I felt when I heard that, myself helpless. For one thing, I was in so great a rage I scarcely knew; and for another, the words were barely spoken before M. le Marquis seized the girl roughly by the waist and dragged her screaming to the other end of the room. This was the signal for a scene almost indescribable. I sprang forward to protect her; in an instant the three men flung themselves upon me, and bore me by sheer weight towards the door; St. Alais, foaming with rage, shouting to them to remove me, while I called him coward and cursed him and strove desperately to get at him. For a moment I made head against them all, then the odds prevailed, and in a minute they had me out and had closed the door on her and her cries.

I was panting, breathless, furious. But the moment it was done a kind of calm fell upon us. The men relaxed their hold upon me, and stood looking at me quietly. And I stood glowering at them.

"There, monsieur, let us have no more of that," one of them said, civilly enough. "Go peaceably, and we will be easy with you. Otherwise—"

"He is a cowardly hound!" I cried, with a sob.

"Softly, monsieur, softly."

There were five of them, for two had remained at the door. The passage was dark, but one had a lantern, and we waited in silence two or three minutes. Then the door opened a few inches, and the man who seemed to be the leader went to it, and, having got his orders, he returned.

"Forward!" he said. "In Number 6. And do you, Petitot, fetch the key."

The man named went off quickly, and we followed more slowly along the corridor, the steady tramp of my guards, as they marched beside me, awaking sullen echoes that rolled away before us. The yellow light of the lantern showed a whitewashed wall on either side, broken on the right hand by a dull line of doors, as of cells. We halted presently before one of these, and I thought that I was to be confined there, and my courage rose, for I should still be near Denise. But the door, when opened, disclosed a little inner staircase, which we descended in single file, and so reached a bare corridor similar to that above. Half-way along this we stopped again, this time beside an open window, through which the night wind came in so strongly as to stir the hair, and force the man who carried the lantern to shield it under his skirts. And not the night wind only, but the noises of the night—hoarse cries and cheers and the jangling of bells, and now and then a pistol-shot—noises that told only too eloquently what was passing under the blackness that hid the chaos of streets and houses below us. Nay, in one place the veil was rent, and through the gap a ruddy column poured up from the roofs, dispersing sparks—the hot glare of some great fire, that, blazing in the very heart of the city, seemed to make the sky sharer in the deeds and horrors that lay beneath it.

The men with me pressed to the window, and peered through it, and strained eyes and ears; and no wonder. No wonder that the man who was responsible for all, and had staked all, walked the roof above with fretful steps. For the struggle below was the struggle that never ceases between the old and the new; and it was being fought as it had been fought in Nimes for centuries—savagely, ruthlessly, over kennels running with blood. Nor could any man tell the issue; but only that as it was here it was likely to be through half of France. We looked into the darkness with actual eyes; but across the border at Turin, and nearer, at Sommières and Montpellier, thousands of Frenchmen, bearing the greatest names of France, watched also, with faces turned to Nimes and hearts as anxious as ours.

I gathered from the talk of those round me that M. Froment had seized the Arènes and garrisoned it, and that the flames we saw were those of one of the Protestant churches; that as yet the patriots, taken by surprise, made little resistance, and that if the Reds could hold for twenty-four hours longer what they had seized, the arrival of the troops from Montpellier would then secure all, and at the same time stamp the movement with the approval of the highest parties.

"But it was a near thing," one of the men muttered. "If we had not been at their throats to-night, they would have been at ours to-morrow!"

"And now not half the companies have turned out," the man with the lantern growled.

"But the villagers will come in, in the morning," a third cried, eagerly. "They are to toll all the bells from here to the Rhone."

"Ay, but what if the Cevennols come in first? What then?"

No one had an answer to this, and all were silent, until the sound of footsteps approaching along the passage caused the men to draw in their heads. "Here is the key," said the leader. "Now, monsieur!"

But it was not the key, nor Petitot, who had been sent for it, but a taller man, cloaked and wearing his hat, who came hastily along the corridor with three or four behind him. As he approached he called out, "Is Buzeaud here?"

The man who had spoken before stood out respectfully. "Yes, monsieur."

"Take half a dozen men, the stoutest you have, down stairs," the new-comer answered—it was Froment himself—"and get as many more from the Vierge, and barricade the street leading beside the barracks to the Arsenal. You will find plenty of helpers. And occupy some of the houses. But what is this?" he continued, sharply, breaking off, as his eyes, passing over the group, stopped at me. "How does this gentleman come here? And in this dress?"

"M. le Marquis arrested him upstairs," Buzeaud answered.

"M. le Marquis?"

"Yes, monsieur, and ordered him to be confined in Number 6 for the present."

"Ah!"

"As a spy."

M. Froment whistled softly, and for a moment we looked at one another. The wavering light of the lanterns, and perhaps the tension of his feelings, deepened the harsh lines of his features; but presently he drew a deep breath and smiled, as if something whimsical in the situation struck him. "So we meet again, M. le Vicomte," he said. "I remember, I have something of yours. You have come for it, I suppose?"

"Yes, monsieur, I have come for it," I said, defiantly; and I saw that he understood.

"And M. le Marquis found you upstairs?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" For a moment he seemed to reflect. Then, turning to the man: "Well, you can go, Buzeaud. I will be answerable for this gentleman, who had better remove that masquerade. And do you," he continued, addressing the two or three who had come with him, "wait for me above. Tell M. Flandrin—it is my last word—that, whatever happens, the Mayor must not raise the flag for the troops. He may tell him what he pleases from me—that I will hang him from the highest window of the tower, if he likes—but it must not be done. You understand?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then go. I will be with you presently."

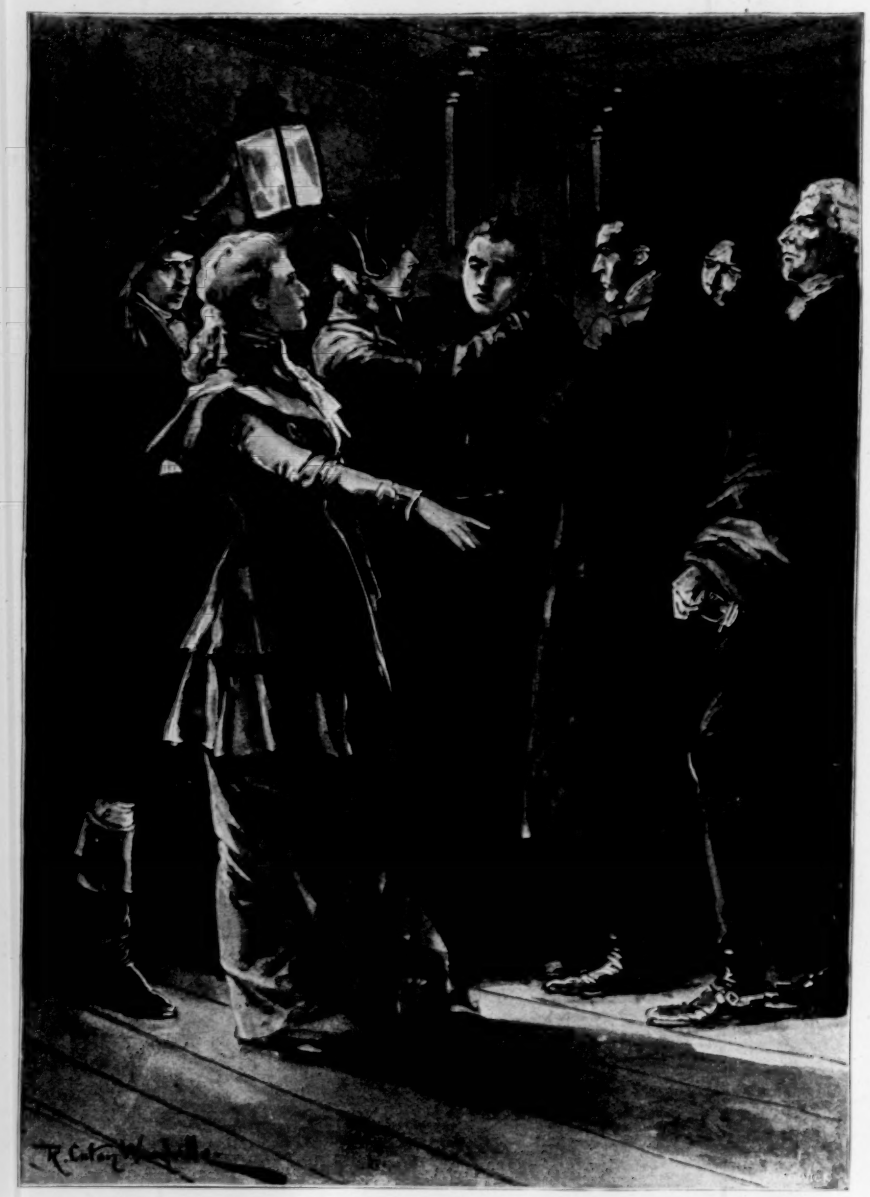
They went, leaving a lantern on the floor; and in a moment Froment and I were alone. He did not look at me, however, but turning to the open window, leaned on the sill and gazed into the night, and so remained for some time silent; whether the orders he had just given had really diverted his thoughts into another channel, or he had not made up his mind how to treat me, I could not determine. More than once I heard him sigh, however; and at last he said, abruptly, "Only three companies have risen."

I do not know what moved me, but I answered in the same spirit: "Out of how many?"

"Thirteen," he answered. "So that we are outnumbered. But, moving first, we have the upper hand, and we must keep it. And if the villagers come in to-morrow—"

"And the Cevennols do not."

"Precisely—and if the officers can hold the Guienne regiment, and the Mayor does not hoist the flag calling



"'HE IS NO SPY,' DENISE CRIED, IN A VOICE THAT WENT TO MY HEART."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

them out, and the Calvinists do not surprise the Arsenal —I think we may be able to do so."

"But the chances are—"

"Against us. The more need, monsieur"—and for the first time he turned and looked at me with a sort of pride —"of a man! For—do you know what we are fighting for down there? France! France, monsieur," he continued, bitterly, and letting his emotion appear, "and I have a few hundred cutthroats and rascals and shavelings to do the work, while all the time your fine gentlemen lie safe and warm across the frontier, waiting to see what will happen. And I run risks, and they hold the stakes. I kill the bear, and they take the skin. They are safe, and if I fail I hang, like Favras! Faugh! It is enough to make a man turn patriot and cry Vive la Nation!"

He did not wait for my answer, but impatiently snatching up the lantern, he made a sign to me to follow him, and led the way down the passage. He had said not a word of my presence in the house, of my position, of Mademoiselle St. Alais, or how he meant to deal with me; and at the door, not knowing what was in his mind, I stopped him.

"Pardon me," I said, with as much dignity as I could assume. "But I should like to know what you are going to do with me, monsieur. I need not tell you that I did not enter this house as a spy, and that—"

"You need tell me nothing," he said, cutting me short, almost with rudeness. "And for what I am going to do with you, it can be said in half a dozen words. I propose to keep you by me, that if the worst comes of this—in which event I am not likely to see the week out, monsieur —you may protect Mademoiselle de St. Alais, and convey her to a place of safety. To that end your commission shall be restored to you; I have it safe. If, on the other hand, we hold our own and light the fire that shall burn up those cold-blooded pedants *là bas*, then, M. le Vicomte, I shall have a word to say to you. And we will talk of the matter as gentlemen."

For a moment I was dumb with astonishment. We were at the door of the little staircase—by which I had descended—when he said this, and as he spoke the last word he turned, as expecting no answer, and opened it, and set his foot on the lowest stair, casting the light of the lantern before him. But then I plucked him by the sleeve, and he faced me.

"M. Froment"—I muttered. And then, for the life of me, I could say no more.

"There is no need for words," he said, grandly.

"Are you sure—that you know all?" I muttered.

"I am sure that she loves you, and that she does not love me," he answered, with a ring of scorn in his voice. "And besides that, I am sure of one thing only."

"Yes?"

"That within forty-eight hours blood will flow in every street of Nîmes!" he answered. "And Froment the bourgeois will be Froment le Baron—or nothing, monsieur! In the former case we will talk. In the latter"—and he shrugged his shoulders with a gesture a little theatrical—"it will not matter."

With the word he turned to the stairs, and I followed him across the upper corridor, and by the outer staircase, where I had evaded my guide, and so to the roof, and by a short wooden ladder to the leads of a tower, whence we overlooked, lying below us, all the black chaos of Nîmes, here rising in giant forms, rather felt than seen, there a medley of hot lights and deep shadows, thrown into relief by the glare of the burning church. In three places I picked out a cresset high up; one on the rim of the Arènes, another on the roof of a distant church, a third on a tower beyond the town. But for the most part the town was now quiet. The riot had died down; the bells were silent; the wind blew salt from the sea and cooled our faces.

There were a dozen cloaked figures on the leads, some gazing down in silence, others walking up and down talking together; but in the darkness it was impossible to recognize any one. Froment, after receiving one or two reports, withdrew to the outer side of the tower, and walked there alone, his head bowed and his hands behind him—a desire to preserve his dignity having more to do with this, or I was mistaken, than any longing for solitude. However, the others respected his wishes, and, following their example, I seated myself in an embrasure of the battlements, whence the fire, now growing pale, could be seen.

What were the others' thoughts I cannot say. A muttered word apprised me that Louis St. Alais was in command at the Arènes, and that M. le Marquis waited only until success was assured to start for Sommières, whence the commandant had promised a regiment of horse should Froment be able to hold his own without them. The arrangement seemed of the strangest; but the emigrés, fearful of compromising the King, and warned by the fate of Favras—who, deserted by his party, had suffered for a similar conspiracy a few months before—were nothing if not timid; and if those round me felt any indignation, they did not express it.

The majority, however, were silent, or spoke only when some movement in the town, some outcry or alarm, drew from them a few eager words; and for myself, my thoughts were neither of the struggle below, where both parties lay watching each other and waiting for the day, nor of the morrow, nor even of Denise, but of Froment. If the aim of that extraordinary man had been to impress me, he had succeeded. Seated there in the darkness, I felt the crisis as and because he felt it. I thrilled with the excitement of the gambler's last stake, because he had to throw the dice. I stood on the giddy point on which he stood, and looked into the dark future, and trembled for and with him. My eyes turned from others, and involuntarily sought him where he walked alone; and with as little will on my part I paid him the homage due to the man who stands unmoved on the brink, master of his soul, though death lies below.

About midnight there was a general movement to descend. I had eaten nothing for twelve hours, and notwithstanding the dubious position in which I stood, appetite bade me go with the rest. I went, and following the stream, found myself a minute later on the threshold of a long room brilliantly lit with lamps, and containing tables laid with covers for sixty or more. I fancied that at the farther end of the apartment, and through an interval in the crowd, I caught a glimpse of women, jewels, flashing eyes, and a waving fan; and if anything could have added to the bewildering abruptness of the change from the dark wind-swept leads above to the gay and splendid scene before me it was this. But I had scant time for consideration. Though I did not advance far, the press which separated me from the upper end of the room melted quickly, as one after another took his seat amid a hum of conversation; and in a moment I found myself looking straight at Denise, who, white and wan, with a pitiful look in her eyes, sat beside her mother at the farthest table, a very picture of silent woe. Madame Catinot and two or three gentlemen and as many ladies were seated near them.

Whether my eyes drew hers to me, or she glanced that way by chance, the next moment she looked at me, and rose to her feet with a gasping cry that I felt rather than heard. It was enough, however, to lead Madame St. Alais's eyes to me, and she too cried out; and in a trice, while a few between us still talked unconscious, and the servants glided about, I found all at that farther table staring at me, and myself the focus of the room. Just then, unluckily, M. St. Alais, rather late, came in, and of course saw me. I heard an oath behind me, but I was intent on that farther table; and it was not until he laid his hand on my arm that I turned sharply and saw him.

"Monsieur!" he cried, with another oath. "This is too much!"

I looked at him in silence. The position was so perplexing that I could not grasp it.

"How do I find you here?" he continued, with violence, and in a voice that drew every eye in the room to me. He was white with anger.

"I hardly know myself," I answered. "But—"

"I do," said a voice behind St. Alais. "If you wish to know, Marquis, M. de Saux is here at my invitation."

The speaker was Froment, who had just entered. St. Alais turned as if he had been stabbed. "Then I am not!" he cried.

"That is as you please," Froment said, steadfastly.

"It is—and I do not please!" the Marquis retorted, with a scornful glance, and in a tone that rang through the room. As I heard him, and felt myself the centre, under the lights of all those eyes, I could have fancied that I was again in the St. Alais salon, listening to the futile oath of the sword, and that three-quarters of a year had not elapsed since that beginning of all our troubles. But in a moment Froment's voice roused me from the dream.

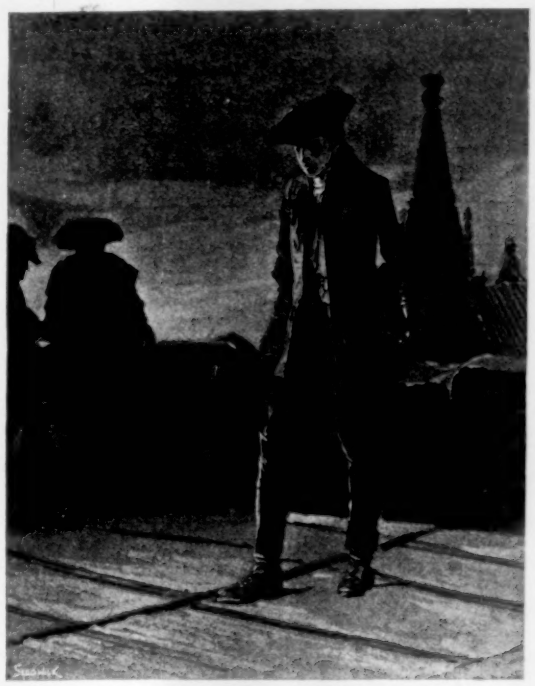
"Very well," he said, gravely. "But I think that you forget—"

"It is you who forget," St. Alais cried, somewhat wildly. "Or you do not understand that this gentleman—"

"I forget nothing," Froment said, with a darkening face, "except that we are keeping my guests waiting. Least of all do I forget the aid you have hitherto rendered me. But, M. le Marquis," he continued, with dignity, "it is mine to command to-night, and it is for me to make dispositions. I have made them, and I must ask you to comply with them. I know that you will not fail me at a pinch; but I believe also that you will not throw unnecessary obstacles in my way. Come, monsieur; this gentleman will not refuse to sit here. And we will sit at madame's table. Oblige me."

M. St. Alais's face was like night, but the other was a man, and his tone was strenuous; and slowly and haughtily M. le Marquis, who, I think, had never before in his life given way, followed him to the farther end of the room. Left alone, I sat down where I was, eyed curiously by those round me, but finding something still more curious in this strange banquet while Nîmes watched, this midnight merriment while the dead still lay in the streets, and the air quivered, and all the world of night hung listening for that which was to come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"THE MAN WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL WALKED THE ROOF ABOVE WITH FRETFUL STEPS."

HYMN TO ARLINGTON.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Written for the Memorial-Day Ceremonies at Arlington Cemetery, 1895.

I.

FULL many fields are on the spacious earth,
And some of less and some of greater worth;
And some are deserts full of gloom and glare,
And some are gardens blessing all the air;
And some are prairie roofs of harvest mines,
And some are forests, rich with flowers and vines;
And some have mansions, costing safes of gold,
And some have treasures that were never told.
But *thou* hast memories that can ne'er be priced;
And, save within the holy land of Christ,
No other glebe has truer worship won
Than thou, O Arlington!

II.

Thou standest here, in summer suit of green,
Still gazing eastward at the splendid scene:
The square-hewed palace with the rounded dome,
Where Freedom hath a more than royal home;
The giant obelisk, which, rising late,
Still points the glowing star of George the Great,
Who, stepping from Mount Vernon's modest hall,
Reduced the surplus lands of George the Small;
The white abode which steadfastly doth stand
To house the chiefest ruler of the land;
Where long resided he the world will know
As Prince of Wholesome Doctrine—James Monroe;
Where Jackson ruled the North and South land both,
And sealed the statement with a godly oath,
And silenced threats, and furnished peace to spare,
By hanging Haman once more in the air;
Where Abraham the Honest's towering form
Bent under four majestic years of storm;
Where lived the land's Napoleonic pride
They deck with flowers to-day at Riverside;
And other grandeurs, in thy watch-towers high
With admiration fill the gazing eye.
But not by these thy grandest fame is won,
O priceless Arlington!

III.

And there be ghosts that hover here, and stay:
Bright shades among thy shadows, night and day;
For many a lovely dame and manly knight
Have made the halls of yonder mansion bright;
And many a trophy of the former days
Within those parlors caught the curious gaze;
And many a noble tourist came to see
The gallant son of "Light-horse Harry Lee."
And those who fought that hero, breast to breast,
Strike hands with him, and know his bravery best.
Perchance in yonder room, with trembling voice,
He prayed his God to guide him in the choice;
Perhaps he felt, with heart sublimely sad,
That he had turned with all the light he had.
God lets us differ—why, we do not know;
But Honesty hath e'er an honest foe.
God lets us differ; when the strife is past,
His angels strive to make us friends at last.
The bravest hearts are ever most averse
To smiting fallen foemen with a curse.
Whate'er the pattern of the flowers that bloom
Around that distant chieftain and his tomb,
Whatever gift the vanquished cause display,
He sleeps beneath the stars and stripes to-day.
But thou'rt not famous for thy princely son,
O glorious Arlington!

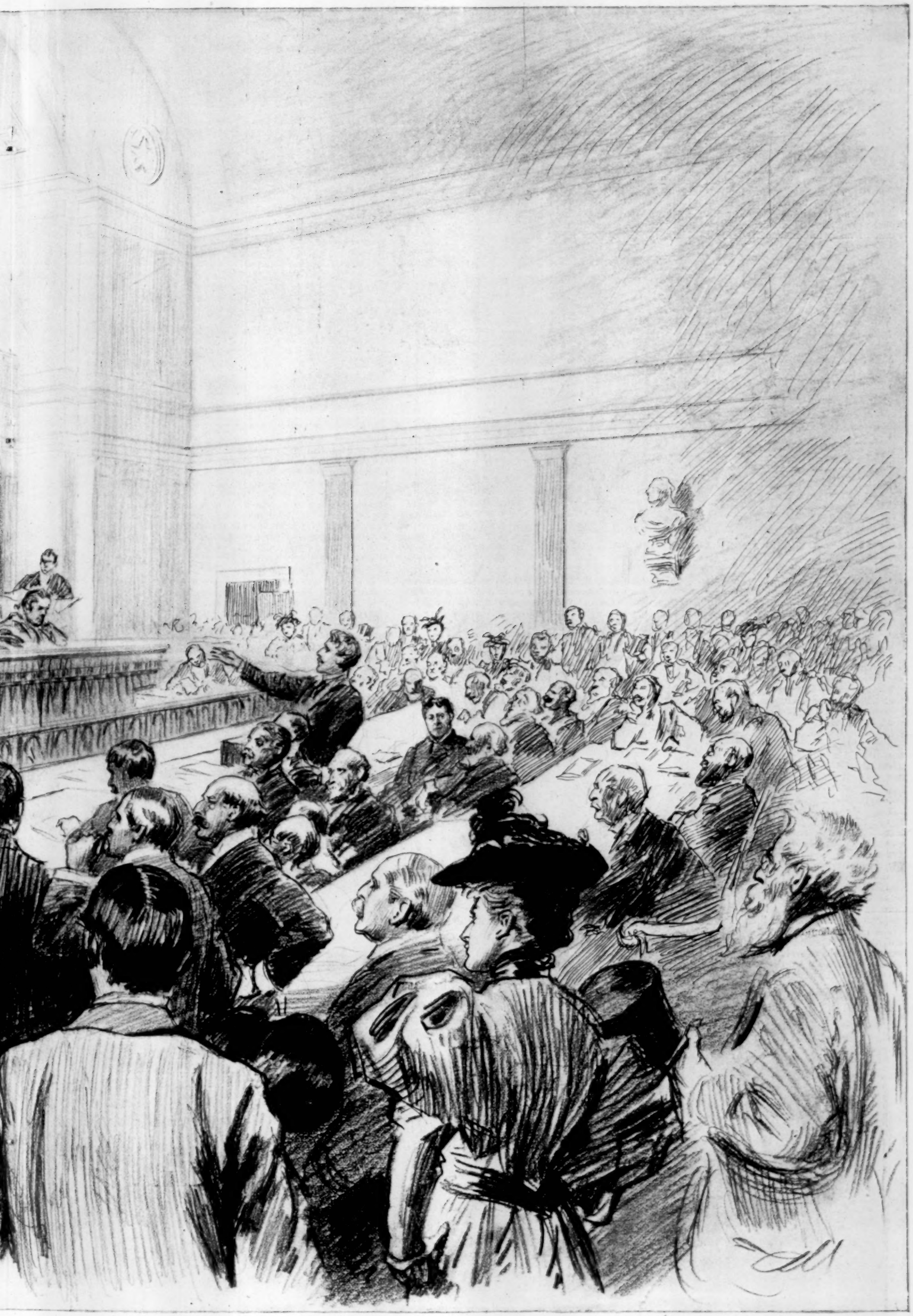
IV.

Once, long before they blossomed into mounds,
A Union legion camped upon these grounds;
And every type of valor hovered near,
And every phase of manhood gathered here:
The veteran chief that long ago had fought;
The youth that first a thrill of war has caught;
The middle-aged, who, fitted to endure,
Had left his home to keep his home secure—
So each at last was War's destructive son,
To hold this many-nationed land in one.
And proud for them the lofty legend stands,
"We were the first of all the rescuing bands!"
The first to rally in a winning cause
Must always win the loudest of applause;
The field that first has armèd men contained
Is glorified, when once the fight is gained;
But not by that thy growing fame was won,
O precious Arlington!

V.

A silent army, with its battles done,
Came peacefully, with neither sword nor gun,
Marched into camp, the waiting earth possessed,
And, 'mid the silence, laid it down to rest.
All mortal hope, all happiness and mirth,
All golden-hued ambitions of the earth,
Had fallen into Death's untroubled deep,
And left sad faces, whispering, "Let us sleep."
Through all the sombre watches of the night
They slept, without a single guard in sight;
And when the gallant morning o'er them swept,
With gold and crimson banners—still they slept.
E'en when was heard the cannon's solemn roar,
Rejoicing that the day of strife was o'er,
And when the flags of War were waved in joy
Because forever out of War's employ,
And when the nation's blessing proudly crept
With love and pity round them—still they slept.
And still must sleep, untouched by hopes or fears,
Amid the days and nights of coming years;
And still must sleep, with blessings round them spread,
And proud Columbia watching at their bed;
And still shall sleep—that is, to mortal sight;
But their great souls are camped in fields of light.
And so, through Death thy deathless fame is won,
Immortal Arlington!

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON, D.C.—SCENES AT THE REOPENING OF



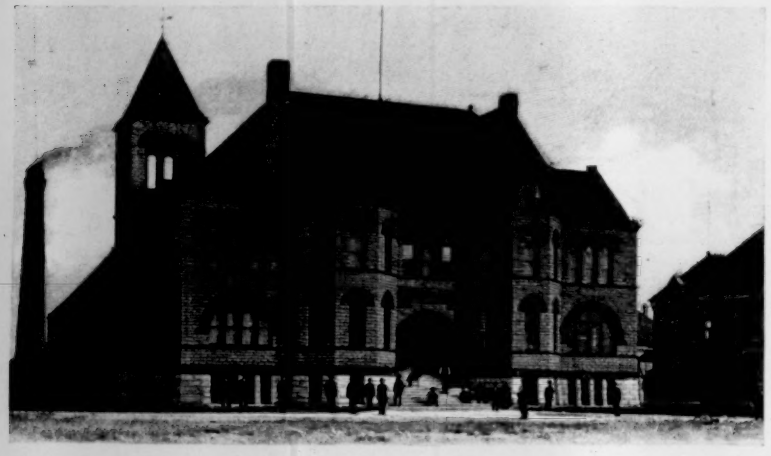
OF THE INCOME-TAX CASES, MONDAY, MAY 6, 1895.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart from a Sketch by H. G. Dart.

SOLDIERS' HOMES.

A STUDY IN GRATITUDE.

THE man who loves to exploit arguments based upon the aphorism that republics are ungrateful should make a tour of the Soldiers' Homes of America; he would then be glad, did fairness guide his course, to bear witness against the soundness of his own postulates.

Aside from the particular gratitude of the republic as a whole, manifested in a great home for soldiers of the regular army, and in seven national homes, located in various parts of the country, which have been established for the disabled volunteer veterans, there are individual commonwealth instances of the republic's gratitude splendidly displayed in the nineteen State Soldiers' Homes, which have been erected at the cost of many hundreds of thousands of dollars, which are maintained at an enormous annual expense, and which afford shelter and a comfortable happy home to many thousands of the volunteer soldiers of the armies of the rebellion.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING—OHIO STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, SANDUSKY.

While other nations have done something for their veteran soldiers—as in the case of the Chelsea Hospital in England, the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris, the Kilmainham Hospital near Dublin, and the well-known institution for German veterans in Berlin—yet, so far as I have been able to ascertain, there has never been by any other nation in the world so magnificent a recognition of the services of the men who have fought its battles as that which the United States, collectively and by commonwealths, is manifesting to-day.

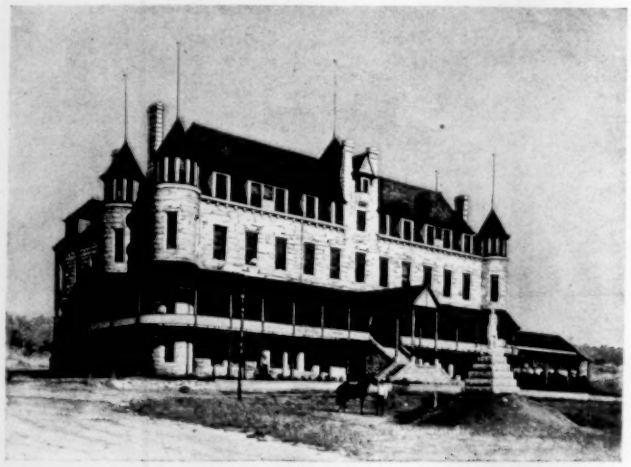
The men who were in their prime in '61 are passing into the long shadows, those who were young when Sumter was attacked are now beyond middle age, and even that apocryphal being the youngest soldier must be entering the outskirts of maturity. Many of the men who took active part in the war of the rebellion are home-happy, and will never know need of any kind, but many others have no homes; many, indeed, have little wherewith to provide the necessaries of life. It is this latter class which has been most benefited by the establishment of the Soldiers' Homes of America, a class, too, which has not yet reached its maximum, and will probably not have reached this maximum before the closing days of the century.

When General Winfield Scott made his magnificent march into the heart of Mexico, as the last act in the memorable war with that country, he did something more than bring the opposing army to terms. Years before this conflict began he, conspicuously among other officers, had maintained that the nation should provide a place of refuge for the old and disabled veterans of the wars of the republic. With characteristic honesty he made out, at the close of the war, a draft, payable to the Secretary of War, for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, a part of the tribute levied by him upon the city of Mexico for the benefit of his army, and upon it he endorsed:

"The Bank of America will place the within amount to the credit of the army asylum, subject to the order of Congress."

With this money was founded the first Soldiers' Home in America—the same home which is now one of the attractions of the capital city of the nation, and which will be, as long as we shall have need of armed protection, a refuge for those who have worn themselves out in the service of their country.

On the third day of March, 1851, Congress took initial official steps in an act "to found a military asylum for the relief and support of invalid and disabled soldiers of the United States." As far back as 1829 the attention of Congress had been called to the matter, and the need of such an institution pressed home upon that body, for there were many men at that time remaining from the three hundred and nine thousand who had entered the Revolutionary armies, and the five hundred and seventy-five thousand who had fought in the war of 1812, who were in sore need of aid. The act of 1851, however, was the first Congressional effort in this line. Various reports and investigations were made, and General Scott's levy was called into play. Temporary homes were at first provided, one at New Orleans, another at Greenwoods Island, Mississippi, and, later, a home was established at Harrodsburg, Kentucky. The city of Washington, however, seemed the most natural place for such a national home, and the other temporary asylums were at last merged into the one at the capital. A little over five hundred acres of ground are now included in the tract which has been purchased for the home, and many fine and costly buildings have been erected for the accommodation of the soldiers, who have left forever behind them the terror and the tumult of war. The home is located about three miles north from the Capitol. Nearly nine thousand soldiers have been admitted since the home was established. The officers of the home are directed by a board of commissioners consisting of the General-in-Chief commanding the regular army, the Quartermaster-General, the Judge-Advocate-General, the Commissary-General of Subsistence, the Surgeon-General, and the Adjutant-General. The home is under the immediate charge of a governor, Brigadier-General D. S. Stanley, at present in charge, a deputy governor, a secretary, and a treasurer, with a medical officer detailed from the regular army. There were, on the 27th of January, 1895, according to figures furnished me by General Stanley, six hundred and sixty-eight inmates in the home. General Stanley has had prepared for me a compact tabular statement of the inmates during the past year, showing the length of service while in the regular army, and the pension rates of the different pensioners in the institution.*



SOUTH DAKOTA SOLDIERS' HOME, HOT SPRINGS.

The pensioners may draw such amounts as they please, leaving the balance to be distributed to relatives or to be held in trust for the pensioner if he has no relatives or others dependent upon him. There is about $50,000 in the trust fund thus established. A library of over six thousand volumes is enjoyed by the members of the

MAIN BUILDING—VERMONT STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, BENNINGTON, VERMONT.

COTTAGES OF WISCONSIN STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, WAUPACA.

home. Those eligible for admission to the home, by enactment of Congress, are as follows:

1. Every soldier of the army of the United States who has served, or may serve, honestly and faithfully, twenty years in the same.

2. Every soldier and every discharged soldier, whether regular or volunteer, who has suffered, or may suffer, disability by reason of disease or wounds incurred in the service and in the line of his duty, rendering him incapa-

* Regular-Army Inmates.

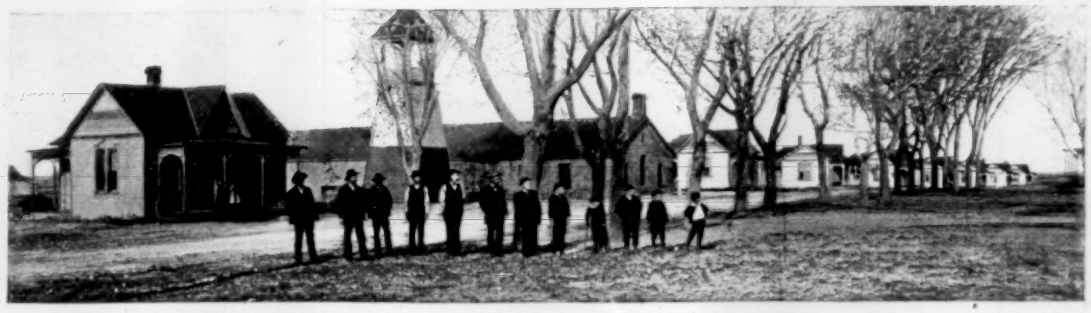
Service.	No. Men.
4 Months	1
7 "	2
8 "	2
9 "	3
10 "	1
1 Year	25
2 Years	28
3 "	30
4 "	18
5 "	30
6 "	12
7 "	14
8 "	16
9 "	18
10 "	13
11 "	99
12 "	13
13 "	15
14 "	13
15 "	15
16 "	14
17 "	9
18 "	21
19 "	29
20 "	83
21 "	65
22 "	49
23 "	39
24 "	22
25 "	23
26 "	18

Regular-Army Inmates.

Service.	No. Men.
27 Years.	7
28 "	5
29 "	1
30 "	3
34 "	1
35 "	1
Total.....	758

Pensions.

Rate.	No. Men.
$2 00	6
4 00	26
6 00	31
8 00	92
10 00	42
12 00	185
12 50	1
14 00	32
15 00	2
16 00	31
17 00	61
18 00	1
20 00	3
22 00	1
24 00	8
29 00	1
30 00	10
36 00	1
Total.....	734



COTTAGES OF KANSAS STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, FORT DODGE.

ble of further military service, if such disability was not occasioned by his own misconduct.

3. The invalid and disabled soldiers, whether regulars or volunteers, of the war of 1812 and of all subsequent wars.

The inmates may wear on their uniforms, if they so elect, the distinguishing mark of their rank when in active service. The home is under military rule, the officers and inmates being subject to the Rules and Articles of War, "designed to protect the good and restrain the bad," and there are special regulations for the internal police and for the discipline of the home.

At the outset this home was for the benefit of volunteer and regular army soldiers as well, but the constantly increasing number of soldiers in the regular army who stood in need of such a home made it necessary at last to restrict the admissions to those of this class.

But, plainly enough, it was not in the disposition of the people, as shown through their representatives in Congress, to cease aid when the needs of the regular soldiers had been supplied. Soon after the close of the war of the rebellion various States took up the subject with interest, and began the local establishment of homes for the disabled veterans in their midst, whose sincere devotion to the cause of their country in her hour of need entitled them to recognition at the hands of the State. Several of these homes, not long after establishment, were turned over to the national government, as it appeared that the best results could be attained if the government should take immediate charge. Congressional action, added to the acts of the States, paved the way for the second class of Soldiers' Homes which we have to consider.

A main governing board was established, the members chosen by Congress for a period of six years each, serving without remuneration. The President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the Secretary of War are ex-officio members of the Board of Managers. This Board of Managers consists of the following-named gentlemen:

MAIN BUILDING—BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, MARION, INDIANA.

General W. B. Franklin, President, Hartford, Conn. Term expires 1896.
General W. J. Sewell, First Vice-President, Camden, N. J. Term expires 1898.
General J. C. Black, Second Vice-President, Chicago, Ill. Term expires 1896.
General M. T. McMahon, Secretary, New York, N. Y. Term expires 1898.
Colonel John L. Mitchell, Milwaukee, Wis. Term expires 1898.
General Alfred L. Pearson, Pittsburg, Pa. Term expires 1900.
General Francis Fessenden, Portland, Me. Term expires 1896.
Colonel George W. Steele, Marion, Ind. Term expires 1896.
Major A. W. Barrett, Los Angeles, Cal. Term expires 1898.
General Charles M. Anderson, Greenville, O. Term expires 1900.
Colonel Sidney G. Cooke, Herington, Kans. Term expires 1900.

There is no main central home at Washington, but the home is composed of seven branch homes, under the following designations and at the following locations:

Central branch, Dayton, Ohio; Northwestern, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Eastern, Togus, Maine; Southern, Hampton, Virginia; Western, Leavenworth, Kansas; Pacific, Santa Monica, California; Marion, Marion, Indiana.

In some particulars these homes are similar to the national home for soldiers of the regular army. The requirements for admission are, briefly, an honorable discharge from the military service of the United States; some disability which prevents the applicant from earning his own living, and a promise to conform to the regulations of the home. The Rules and Articles of War control the conduct of the affairs of the home. Those soldiers or sailors whose pensions exceed $16 per month are not eligible to admission unless there is some particular reason, satisfactory to the governor of the home, for such admission.

IOWA STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, MARSHALLTOWN.

These homes are supplied with splendidly equipped buildings; the grounds comprise large beautifully parked tracts; every comfort which the generosity of a nation can supply is bestowed. The discipline is such that good results, without any loss of self-respect or manhood, must follow. Thousands of veterans of the rebellion are in these homes; many thousands more, as age and disease make new inroads upon health and strength, will knock for entrance.

From a large amount of data, furnished me in most cases by the commandants of the homes, as nothing appears to have been written of much moment on the subject, I am enabled to condense the subjoined information. The information secured was supplied during the month of January, 1895. A brief statement of the affairs of each of these national homes:

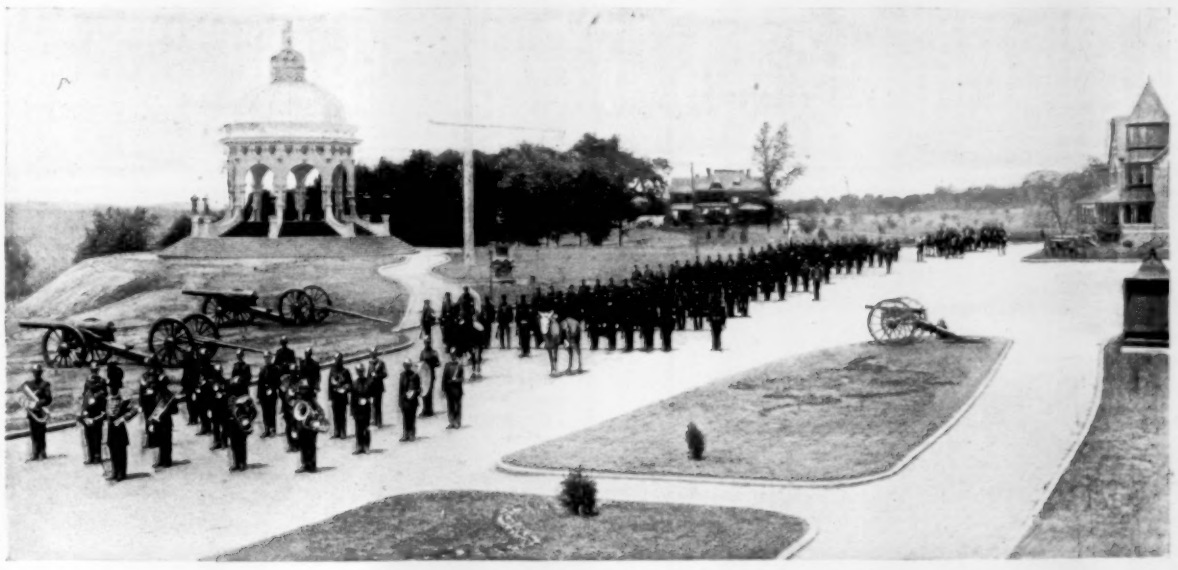
Central, Dayton, Ohio: Colonel J. B. Thomas, governor. It was established in 1867. The membership is about 5500. There is a library of 18,900 volumes. The average expense per capita per annum is about $125. The total expenses per year are about $675,000. The average age at death is 65. Out of the whole number cared for in the year ending June 30, 1894, 4362 were of foreign birth, and 2249 of native birth. Only 132 of this number could neither read nor write, and 97 per cent. of the illiterates were of foreign birth. Over $675,000 is annually paid out in pensions to the inmates.

Northwestern Branch, Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Colonel Cornelius Wheeler, governor. Established in 1867. The present membership is 2610. The library has 7400 volumes. The average age of the members is 62 years. During the year $280,000 is paid to the inmates in pensions. There is a farm in connection with the home, as in some other cases, well stocked. About $20,000 worth of provisions per year come from the farm, including such items as 8000 heads of cabbage, 36,000 heads of celery, 30,000 gallons of milk. The average expenditures per year are $325,000. Over one-half of the inmates are of foreign birth.

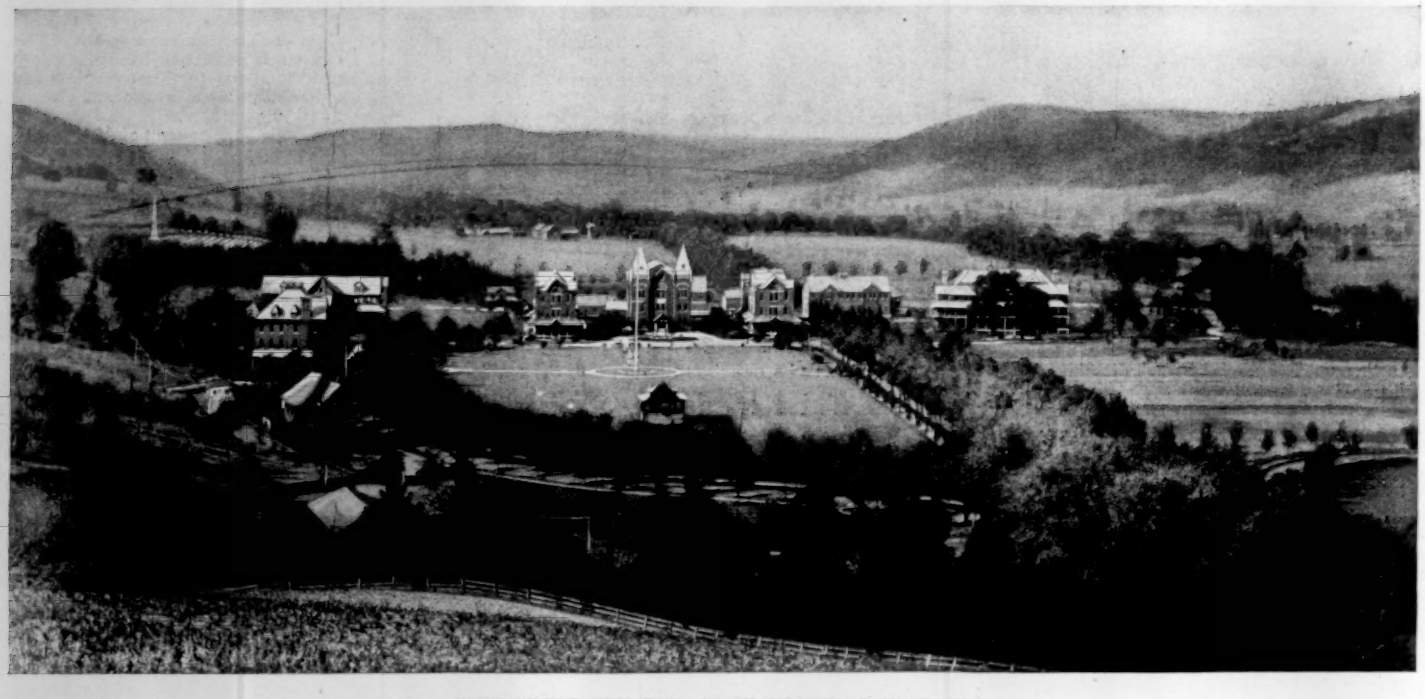
Eastern Branch, Togus, Maine: General Luther Stephenson, governor. It was established in 1866, and has a population at present of 2246. The foreign-born comprise about fifteen hundred of this number; 98 per cent. of the 276 who can neither read nor write are of foreign birth. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars per year is paid out in pensions.

Western Branch, Leavenworth, Kansas: Colonel Andrew J. Smith, governor. Established in 1885. The membership is 2188. One hundred and seventy thousand dollars is paid to the inmates in pensions, and it costs $126 per year for rations for the men. The farm of the home supplies about $15,000 worth of provisions per year. The expenses per year are about $315,000.

Southern Branch, Hampton, Virginia: Colonel T. P. Woodfin, governor. It was established in 1871, and the membership has grown from that time to 3949. The pensioners receive $315,000 per year. The principal buildings face Hampton Roads, famous as the scene of the



BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.



VIEW OF THE NEW YORK STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, BATH.

great naval duel between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. Out of a total of 479 who could neither read nor write, 62 per cent. were foreign-born. The general expenditures amount to nearly $375,000 per year. An indication of the extent of the home may be seen in the fact that the laundry list numbers 574,202 pieces.

Marion Branch, Marion, Indiana: Captain Justin H. Chapman, governor. This is one of the later homes, having been established in 1888. It has a membership of 1847. An excellent start for a library has been made. The average annual cost per capita is $131 70. The native-born are about one-half in excess of the foreign-born. The general expenses are $175,000 per year.

NEW JERSEY STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, KEARNEY.

Pacific Branch, Santa Monica, California: Colonel J. G. Rowland, governor. Established in 1888; a membership of 1545. The expenses per year per capita are $136, and about $170,000 is paid out per year for general expenses. Nearly $15,000 per year are realized from the farm.

The total annual expense for the maintenance of these homes for the year ending with the 30th of June, 1894, inclusive of new buildings, was $2,431,601 24. To this amount should be added, to show the amount Congressionally appropriated for the care of the old soldiers, $35,000 for out-door relief, and $575,000 spent in subsidized aid to the State homes—a total amount, exclusive of the national home for veterans of the regular army, of $3,041,601 24.

The following table shows the number of acres of land in the grounds of each of the national branches and the cost to the government:

	Acres.	Cost.
Central	577.41	$85,445 30
Northwestern	382.25	74,445 24
Eastern	1754.12	20,400 00
Southern	26.00	25,000 00
Western	640.00	donated.
Pacific	631.03	"
Marion	216.83	24,287 30
Totals	4227.64	$229,577 84

Without going too much into statistics, the following brief tabular statement of the cost of the buildings of the national home may be given:

Central	$1,339,862 17
Northwestern	558,478 97
Eastern	452,500 55
Southern	765,127 22
Western	534,957 39
Pacific	410,101 67
Marion	400,162 33
Total	$4,461,190 30

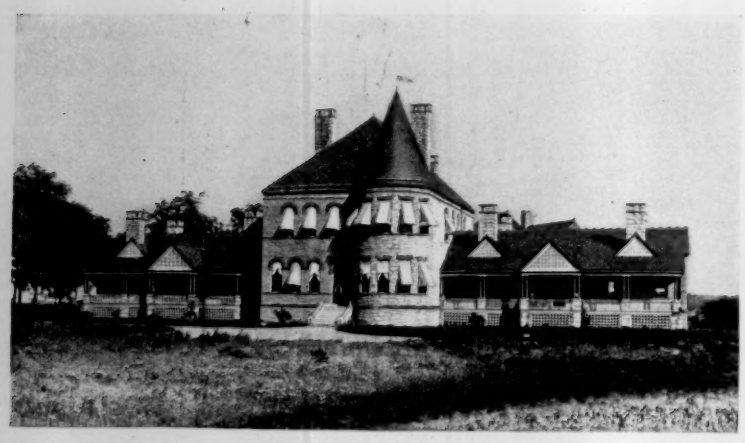
This total, added to the amount expended for lands, gives $4,690,768 14 which the government has invested in these homes for veteran soldiers. Now add to this one more fact: From the time the first of these homes was established, in 1867, to the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, the general government paid out $27,000,000 for the maintenance of these veteran soldiers. The general expenditures to June 30, 1894, were $35,711,227 10. This makes the amount already expended by the government in their behalf, exclusive of the large amounts they have drawn in pensions, nearly $40,000,000.

Is not this a token that at least one republic has shown somewhat of gratitude?

Seventy-three thousand six hundred and seventy-one veterans have been accommodated in these homes since they were established, according to the last report of the Board of Managers. Of course a very small percentage of this number came from the Southern States—Alabama, for instance, having had but 33 inmates; Florida, 13; Georgia, 18; Louisiana, 189; and so on. Of the Northern States, Ohio is accredited with the largest number, 10,789; New York has 9947; and Pennsylvania, 8975. South Carolina and Alaska have had the fewest—two each. The average age of the inmates last year was 59.23 years, and the average age of those dying was 64.10. The total number in the homes in January, 1895, was about 25,000. Of nearly 24,000 at the time of the last annual report, over 4000 could neither read nor write, and of this number 75 per cent. were of foreign birth. The foreign born exceeded the native-born by about 3000.

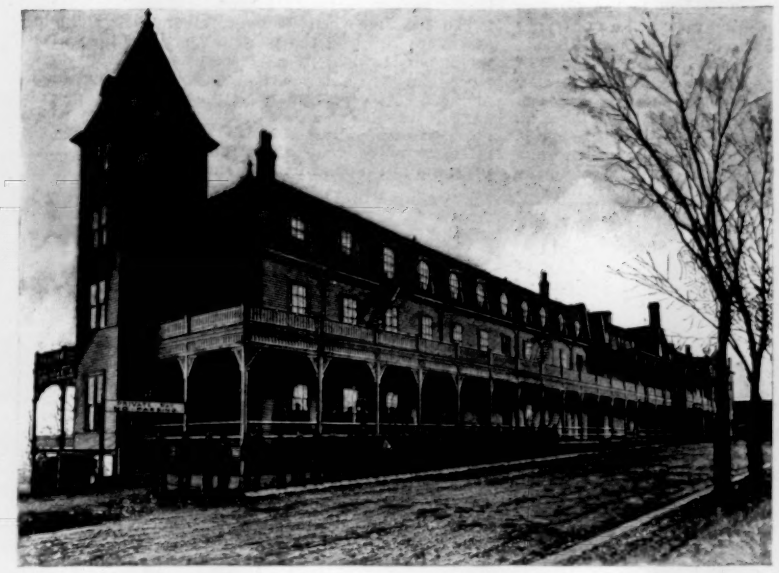
There is something in the terrible privations of war, something in the insatiable demands of the march and the exposure and the very nature of the life itself, which has made the war-time use of artificial stimulants seem to a good many men a necessity. Leaving out of consideration altogether the question of the dangers of the drink habit in time of peace or time of war, it is of considerable interest to note the manner in which the governing bodies of these national homes have met the question. In some instances the use of the gold-cure for drunkenness has received official sanction, and, judged by the results as set forth in the governmental reports, it has given an impetus to sobriety. The cure has been introduced into all the national homes for volunteer soldiers, the Central branch having 79 patients last year; Northwestern, 324; Eastern, 332; Southern, 194; Western, 518; Pacific, 104; Marion,

A COTTAGE—MINNESOTA STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, MINNEHAHA.



HOSPITAL OF THE OHIO STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, SANDUSKY.

SOLDIERS' HOME, TILTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE.



MASSACHUSETTS STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, CHELSEA.

HOSPITAL, EASTERN BRANCH NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, TOGUS, MAINE.

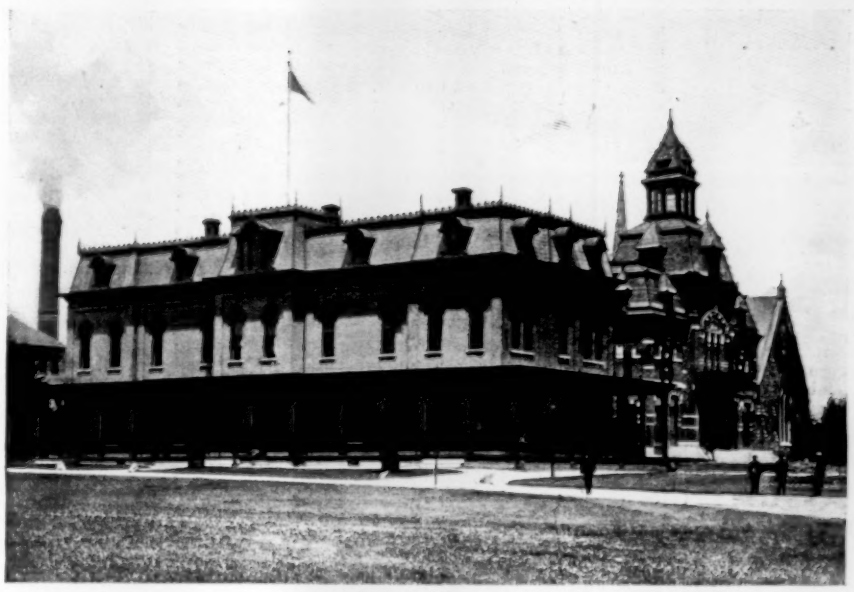
145; a total of 1746. Beer-halls have been introduced into some of the national homes. Beer, ale, and porter are here sold at a slight advance on cost, the profits realized going to some one of the home's needs. In Milwaukee the home has a "canteen," constructed in the form of a Maltese cross, costing some thousands of dollars, with tables for the accommodation of three hundred drinkers at one time.

VIEW OF THE VETERANS' HOME, YOUNTVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

When a member begins to show signs of inebriety, the patrol of the home guide him to his quarters. About ten barrels of beer are drunk per day. The Southern branch, at Hampton, has a beer-saloon run for the inmates, the revenue from which goes to help pay the expenses of the theatre, the billiard-room, the library, and the band. I notice in the proceedings of the Board of Managers at a recent meeting in Washington, the authorization of the construction of a beer-hall in the Southern branch at a cost of $5000. The argument made for the establishment of these saloons is that they lessen drunkenness among the soldiers, who, so the advocates of the plan maintain, would otherwise drink to excess in the adjacent town or city groggeries.

In most of the homes there are cozy theatres, where entertainments —musical, literary, and dramatic— are given free to the members of the home.

We come now to still another class of Soldiers' Homes in the United States, the establishment and the maintenance of which still more powerfully emphasize the belief that no other nation in the world has shown such magnificent gratitude to the veterans of its wars. The gratitude from which has sprung this noble system of beneficence is only the common recognition of the immense importance, as well as the heroism, of the volunteer armies of the nation. No one knows better than the deserving soldier that the generosity of the government has been imposed upon in the matter of another of its beneficences—the giving of pensions; and no one more severely condemns such imposition than the man whose pension is taken not as a mendicant's pittance, but as a hero's reward. But, notwithstanding these impositions, the great heart of the nation will throb sympathetically for the men who saved its life until the last one has answered the roll-call of the Captain of the Dead; then, in the clearer vision of that day, will still ampler recognition be given in song and story and marble to the men who made victory possible in the most magnificently fought war of all history.



CENTRAL BRANCH NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, DAYTON, OHIO.

This third class of Soldiers' Homes is supported mainly by individual commonwealths, supplemented by an annual Congressional appropriation of one hundred dollars *per capita* for the average number of inmates during the year.

These State homes are distributed over a large extent of territory, and they, in conjunction with the national homes, afford large opportunities, though the need of more commodious quarters is frequently shown in appeals for legislative aid. Many of the homes are already overcrowded. These homes represent the expenditure of many thousands of dollars for buildings and grounds. The handsome and commodious buildings, erected with the special needs of the soldiers in mind, afford homes for many thousands of veterans. The grounds in many cases consist of several hundreds of acres of land contiguous to some city or thriving town. The appropriations from the State Legislatures are liberal and prompt. As in the national homes, discipline is enforced in order that the homes may be kept up to a high standard of efficiency, though the discipline is probably not so strict and military in its nature as in the homes coming under immediate governmental control. These State homes are located as follows:

California, Yountville; Colorado, Monte Vista; Connecticut, Noroton Heights; Illinois, Quincy; Iowa, Marshalltown; Kansas, Dodge City; Massachusetts, Chelsea; Michigan, Grand Rapids; Minnesota, Minnehaha; Nebraska, Grand Island; New Hampshire, Tilton; New Jersey, Kearney; New York, Bath; Ohio, Sandusky; Pennsylvania, Erie; Rhode Island, Bristol; South Dakota, Hot Springs; Vermont, Bennington; Washington, Orting; Wisconsin, Waupaca.

In securing information from the various commandants

PENNSYLVANIA STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, ERIE.

NEBRASKA STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, GRAND ISLAND.

of these State homes I find that only in one instance, that of New Jersey, is it believed that the maximum membership for the State has been reached. It will be several years yet before the general maximum is reached, probably not before the end of the century, and in some instances not until four or five years after that time, these latter cases being in the developing West. Some statistician has demonstrated from mortality tables that the last soldier of the war of the rebellion will have died when the year 1945 is reached. However that may be, the ranks are being rapidly thinned in these closing days of the century, and it cannot be long before the ebb-tide from the Soldiers' Homes of America will begin its sad outflow.

These splendidly equipped homes will, when that day shall come, show a gradual decrease in population until the day when the last inmate will have sought his last earthly habitation. When they are no longer needed for the soldiers of the nation, they will be suitable for some of the reformatory, charitable, or even more strictly penal institutions of the State, so that the millions of dollars now represented in their buildings and grounds will not be found to have been misspent, even when the fact that they were for a temporary need has been taken into consideration.

These homes are of later establishment, for the most part, than those under the direct control of the government—a fact that indicates not only the reluctance of the disabled old soldiers to press their wants or their needs upon their States, but also the further fact that not all the generous provision of the national government could meet the exigencies of the hour. Most of these homes were established in the decade from 1881 to 1891. The following tabular statement, compiled from figures, in all but a few instances, sent me by the commandants of the various homes, gives in concise form the population of the homes at the present time, the returns being made in the months of January and February, 1895:

State.	No. Inmates.	State.	No. Inmates.
Illinois	1495	Ohio	1357
Iowa	542	Pennsylvania	400
Kansas	308	South Dakota	142
Massachusetts	347	California	504
Michigan	631	Colorado	50
Minnesota	407	Connecticut	340
Nebraska	221	Rhode Island	141
New Hampshire	92	Washington	100
New Jersey	546	Wisconsin	225
New York	1403	Vermont	169
		Total	9352

It would be manifestly out of the question in an article of the length of this one to attempt any detailed description of the various State homes, however important such description might be. They stand as splendid monuments to the generosity, no less than the gratitude, of the commonwealths within whose bounds they have been established.

W. S. HARWOOD.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

CEYLON—THE TEA INDUSTRY.

A COUNTRY like Ceylon, with such a climate as it possesses, has a vast reserve of industrial resources that requires only enterprise and capital for an indefinite development. Nothing can illustrate the truth of this more clearly than the history of the tea-planting industry in the island. The British occupation of Ceylon may be divided into three periods of unequal lengths. The first of these was much the longest, and embraced the first sixty years of the century. During this period the island was little else than a burden to the British treasury, without returning any corresponding benefit to British trade. This was largely owing, no doubt, to the existence of the native kingdom of Kandy, which dominated and oppressed the central districts, and effectually prevented any attempts at progress. Britain held the coastal regions, and greatly improved the condition of the people by the introduction of a firm and stable government; but the exports were trifling, and the people too poor to purchase any considerable quantity of manufactured goods such as England could supply.

When the King of Kandy was at length deposed, and his hilly kingdom swept away and merged with the rest of Ceylon under the rule of the conquerors, a new era opened for the island. The higher districts of the island were opened up by roads, and English enterprise began to consider what profitable use could be made of the new possession. After the manner of the people, there were plenty of young men to be found ready to settle there if only they could see any way of making money by the venture. This was the origin of the second or coffee period of Ceylon. With astonishing rapidity the island adopted the new industry, and within ten years the lower slopes of the hill district had become the seat of a great and very profitable industry, which promised soon to concentrate the chief part of the world's coffee production in the island. In the year 1875 the increase of the plantations had been so great that not less than 195,000 acres were under cultivation for coffee production. This appears to have been almost the highest point reached, as there is no record of the acreage ever exceeding 200,000 acres under coffee. This, however, represented an immense accession of wealth to the country, and no trifling trade profit in every way to Britain herself. During the coffee period population increased rapidly, and the general condition of the people as regards comfort, and even what to them was wealth, was enormously improved. In 1879 the disease in the leaf of the coffee-plant began to make ravages in the plantations, and from that time the production fell off year by year. The production, which in 1879 was nearly 42,000 tons of coffee berries, sank year by year till in 1893 it was only about 2200 tons, or little more than one-twentieth part. The coffee-plant disease had doomed the coffee industry, and that particular avenue to wealth was closed to the planters.

It was not until this became evident to the planters whose all was at stake in the island that the idea of trying tea-planting entered into the mind of anybody. It is said that the very first tea ever sent out of Ceylon consisted of a small box sent to London in 1880 as a curiosity rather than as a commercial sample. It was noticed at once, however, that this specimen had peculiar characteristics of its own, and it was found, moreover, as soon as the plant was introduced, that it had a wonderful affinity for both soil and climate, which pointed it out as a substitute for the now discredited coffee. The idea, like the plant, once introduced, spread rapidly, and year by year as the coffee plantations were being abandoned to the ravages of the insect, the planters began to take heart and substituted tea. The consequence has been the most rapid development of an important industry which is on record in any part of the world. The planters were absolutely driven to tea as fast as they were driven away from coffee, and the production increased as rapidly as the manufacture improved. There was practically no tea export from Ceylon before 1884, and in 1894, just ten years later, the export amounted to 85,000,000 of pounds. The value of the tea crop at the port of export in 1894 was not less than $13,500,000, and already the country has nearly recovered from the blow to its prosperity which the failure of its staple export of ten years ago entailed.

The tea plantations of Ceylon are almost all in the hill country; indeed, unlike the coffee culture, the new industry does not require any special advantages of soil, and so long as it is on fairly high land the lesser variations of climate appear to make but little difference either as to its productiveness or as to the excellence of its quality. Any part of the mountains does for a tea plantation, as the shrub will grow and flourish in the stoniest ground, where it is hard to see how it obtains any nutriment. As the visitor is carried by the mountain railway into the higher districts of the hill country he finds the tea-plant one of the most pleasing features of the view. Among the steepest hills, where the strata of the rocks seem to be tilted up on edge to an extraordinary degree, there, clinging to the almost precipitous slopes, and covering the hill-side with a robe of glossy green, is the tea-plant on all sides of the line. The angle of elevation, indeed, has no terrors for the tea-shrub, and is consequently treated with supreme indifference by the tea-planters. Hills and valleys, gentle slopes, and all but precipitous ascents are equally utilized by the tea-growers.

For the sites of tea-factories, and even for the residences of the planters themselves, the positions, as shown in our two pictures, are chosen with a view to their being fairly level, but no such distinctions are made in planting the shrubs. On a plantation it is tea everywhere and under every condition. Tea invades the planter's garden, and forms the edges of his paths and the hedges of his lawn-tennis ground. Tea encroaches on the roads through the estate, and hardly spares the room needed for the growth of the bananas and other things required for the food of the swarm of retainers that is required on each tea plantation to provide for the constantly recurring manual labor of picking and carrying the leaves. Our pictures of leaf-plucking serve to indicate this great feature of the tea industry. The labor of the tea-gatherer, it need hardly be said, is not severe in the sense in which hard work is understood among ourselves. To a certain extent also it is skilled labor, although the skill is readily acquired even by the young girls who do a great deal of the work at present, but its main feature is that it is never done. The leaves must be stripped with due regard to their development on the shrub, and of course they don't all attain that development at one time; indeed, the process of plucking has the effect of encouraging a new growth of leaves, which, although not so good as the first, have still large commercial value. During many months of each year, therefore, the tea-fields are a scene of constant activity and of quiet, unremitting labor. They form a pretty sight, with the whitely clad figures of the really graceful Singhalese girls scattered among the dark glossy foliage of the tea-shrubs, the leaves of which they are engaged in transferring to the tall panniers in which they are to be conveyed either directly to the factory, if near at hand, or to the wagon, if at a distance from home. Some idea of the extent of this work may be gathered when it is remembered that to produce last year's crop of exported tea no less than three hundred and forty millions of pounds of green leaves were thus gathered from the plants and conveyed, for the most part on the backs of the pickers, to the factories for manufacture. Last year there were about 305,000 acres of land in the island planted with the tea-shrub, and there is every prospect of this acreage being doubled within another ten years.

The rise of this new industry has had the most beneficial effect on the native population of the districts to which as yet it is confined. Go where one may in the tea country there is a general air of prosperity, which extends both to places and people. As a rule, the planters' bungalows are models of neatness, and of that luxurious comfort which seems to be nowhere better understood than here. And even among the natives of the district the pervading influence of prosperity is very apparent. Of course the wages earned are small—absurdly small from our point of view—averaging certainly not more than the equivalent of five cents a day, yet this, as it is regular, and as it allows of a considerable proportion of each family becoming wage-earners, is to their class a competency. There seems to be also what might almost be called a moral side to the tea business, which distinguishes it from most other kinds of labor in the fields. From first to last the tea business is scrupulously clean. The girls and men, yes, even the old women, in the tea-fields are clean both in person and in clothing to a degree not elsewhere to be met with among native races engaged in out-door labor. The baskets into which the leaves are put when pulled are also scrupulously clean, and when they arrive at the factory they are handed over to operatives who are even ostentatiously clean in appearance. The dark skins of the men in the withering, weighing, and packing rooms are not more glossy in their cleanliness than are those of the girls in the sorting department; and their clothing, if somewhat scanty, is at any rate a model of purity. All this is, of course, a matter of commercial policy, but it is none the less a matter which enters, and will more and more enter, into the advancing civilization of the people employed in one or other portion of the work.

Much skill, and even more scrupulous care, are required in the various stages through which the tea passes between the time when its large, rather thick, and glossy leaves are covering the hill-sides, and the time when it undergoes the final processes of packing and soldering preparatory to its shipment to the European or American markets. At each stage it is the subject of the most anxious watchfulness on the part of the planter and his numerous assistants, and in each that docility which characterizes the Singhalese race goes to add a substantial premium to tea culture in Ceylon.

THIS BUSY WORLD

LET us rejoice and be glad in the amendment of the times. A few of us will actually have more money to spend because business is brisker. The greater number of us will merely have better hopes and more sanguine aspirations. But better hopes are a great deal. To look forward, even on slight grounds, to really easy circumstances next year makes vastly more for one's present satisfaction than to look forward to fiscal collapse, even though one's immediate necessities may be satisfied. When the financial corner of the newspaper says "a better feeling prevails," it says enough. The feeling is what we need the most. Only make it continuous, and we might make shift to get along with what we have. Times that promise to continue us in the possession of such blessings as we already enjoy are very fair times, much, much better than we have had for two whole years.

The trustees of the Boston Public Library have voted to buy, or to try to buy, the collection of philological works gathered by the late Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. The collection includes about 20,000 volumes, in 120 languages and more than 1000 dialects. Most of the great libraries of the world covet it, and several of them have tried to buy it piecemeal. If the Boston Library gets it, it will attest the earnest purpose of the trustees to live up to their mural decorations.

New Hampshire, the first State to authorize the raising of money by taxation to be spent for books, has lately passed a law directing that every town in the State *shall* raise a certain amount annually for that purpose. Some one was suggesting the other day that the current quarter of this century in America would come to be known in time to come as the library age. This new New Hampshire law favors that conceit. The growth of public libraries, especially in the last decade, has been marvellous. The Boston Library has spread itself to the admiration of the whole country; Congress has built the huge new palace for the Congressional Library; the three New York libraries have combined; Chicago has become a great library centre; Mr. Low has planned to crown the Harlem Acropolis with a splendid hall for books. And these are only the more striking manifestations of a movement that is discernible all over the land. Public libraries by the thousand, and really notable libraries by the hundred, have been started or put on strong foundations within ten years.

It is interesting to find it stated that this remarkable growth of public collections has operated as a decided check to the formation of private ones. Mr. Justin Windsor, of Harvard, said, the other day, at the opening of a university library at Evanston, Illinois, that it was notorious in England that the collecting of books by people of leisure and education had gone by, and that the same thing began to be apparent in this country. Considerable private libraries seem no longer to be necessary, because large public collections are so generally within easy reach. A thousand books or so are a cheap luxury for any well-to-do family with reading members, and are worth having for their decorative value as house furniture, if for nothing else, but to store many more books than that in an ordinary house involves a sacrifice of space for which the modern householder is apt to find other uses. And yet if one does happen to have house enough and money enough, a big room with books all around it, from ceiling to floor, is a delightful possession, good to live in, good to read in, and very good to bring up children in, even if they get to know only so much of the books as appears on the backs.

A recent comment in this corner of the WEEKLY on the propriety of preserving the records of the Tories of the Revolution has prompted a correspondent to call attention to the *Biographical Sketches of the Loyalists of the American Revolution*, by Lorenzo Sabine. In the two volumes of Mr. Sabine's work are sketches, most of them very brief, of several thousand of the American Tories, preceded by a historical essay of some length and much interest. He complains of the extreme difficulty of his work of tracing the records of expatriated families. In his lists are many names of high distinction in our day, such names as Bayard, Winthrop, Saltonstall, and scores of others which no American now associates with loyalty to any other government than the United States.

Some time ago the Carlyle Memorial Fund had reached a total of £1722, enough to ensure the purchase of the house in Chelsea, which will be bought this month, and opened to the public in June as a memorial museum. There is hardly any other home of an author, except Abbotsford, that has entered so largely into literature or is so well known to American readers. No one who read Carlyle's autobiography as divulged by Mr. Froude can ever forget the Carlyle house. It may be an excusable irreverence to suggest that no single article that could be procured for the museum would excite more enthusiasm than that "d——d old fiddle," which Thackeray once expressed a desire to have Carlyle hang up. That fiddle, if procurable, should certainly be included in the Carlyle collection.

The grass will not grow next winter under Mark Twain. Of course it doesn't grow under any one in winter in this climate, but that is not the point. Mr. Clemens is going where other arrangements prevail. He has signed a contract, which has been sent to him from Melbourne, for a six to nine months' reading tour next fall and winter in the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon,

Madras, Calcutta, Bombay, and other Indian cities, then South Africa and the Mauritius. "After which," he says, "I shall probably read in England a spell, then talk across America to the Pacific coast, and then back through the Southern States. And then die, I reckon."

This is a fairly comprehensive plan, and must convince Mr. Clemens's friends that he is one of those exceptional men whose energies increase rather than flag as they approach maturity. He anticipates one unusual experience on his trip. Some years ago he had an appreciative admirer, who personated him in various parts of Australia, and billing himself as the original and only Mark Twain, gave readings out of his books, and was highly successful, deceiving every one, and making very satisfactory sums of money. In this flush of borrowed prosperity, this person was taken sick, and died in the Governor-General's house, or some such lordly mansion in Melbourne. A friend of Mr. Clemens happened to arrive on the day of the funeral, was distressed to hear of the death of his old friend, asked to be permitted to be a pall-bearer, was accommodated, and after the funeral wrote a detailed account to Mrs. Clemens. Mr. Clemens happened to be at home when the letter came, and read of his own death and burial. He expects to visit that grave when he reaches Melbourne, to see if it is kept green.

A new sign of the nearness of New York to London appears in the plan of a distinguished New York physician to open an office in London, and practise there from May to September. A newspaper paragraph says that this gentleman, Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, has hired his London house, and sailed early in May to take possession of it. Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, whose professional specialty is the same as Dr. Hamilton's, set the example of a London summer practice. The itinerancy of these distinguished doctors is a phenomenon of much interest. It gives a pleasant and salubrious variety to their labors, and at the same time enables them to judge whether the eagle or the guinea is the more satisfactory incident to the alleviation of human suffering. If the American doctors form the habit of a London practice, there will be scoffers who will affect to wonder where the American patient will go for his health. But he will go to London just as usual, and in greater numbers than ever.

Mr. Bigelow's *Life of Tilden* bids fair to rank as the most important contribution of the year to American history and biography. It has already had long reviews in most of the more important American newspapers, proving, of course, especially interesting to those of the Democratic faith. Three articles in the *Sun*, each nearly a page long, have been based on it, and the New York *Times* printed, on May 5th, long reviews of it by Comptroller Eckels and Senator Hill. Mr. Eckels hails now from Illinois, and it will be news to many persons whose acquaintance with his reputation is of recent date that he was one of the group of young men in Albany who were trained in the Tilden school of politics. Senator Hill's early associations with Mr. Tilden, also at Albany, are matters of wider knowledge. He has much to say of them, and of his relations with Tilden as a party leader, in his article in the *Times*. He finds in Mr. Tilden's financial ideas the cure for the fiscal perplexities by which the Federal government is now beset. Mr. Eckels dwells on Mr. Tilden with evident satisfaction as a Democrat who had definite Democratic convictions, and who knew what they were. Any one who is doubtful as to what Democratic principles are can find out in Mr. Bigelow's book, and if he can happen on to Mr. Eckels's review of it, that will help him. That "the will of the people is always to govern," and that the best government is "that which governs least"—these were the Democratic axioms which Mr. Tilden absorbed from Mr. Van Buren, and to which he always held.

It was stated in an article published in the WEEKLY for May 11th that no American city except Boston was provided with hospitals in which persons suffering from infectious diseases, such as diphtheria or scarlet fever, may be taken and have the comforts of a well-ordered home. A Buffalo correspondent writes to the WEEKLY to say that the General Hospital in Buffalo has an outlying cottage for the reception and treatment of such patients, which has been in successful use for eight years. It may be added that at least two hospitals in Rochester have such cottages, in which paying patients can be received and made very comfortable. The reason why there is such a dearth of such places in New York is doubtless because most of the New York hospitals have no spare ground about them on which isolated cottages can be built. However it may be in other more fortunate cities, there is no question about the need in New York of such a hospital as was described in the WEEKLY'S article, and towards an establishment of which, as there stated, Mrs. John W. Minturn has given $25,000.

With the June weddings close at hand, and the June wedding-presents in active circulation, it is interesting to remark that in London the bridegroom is thought worthy to share with the bride the testimonials of the esteem of his friends. When Mr. McGuire, M.P., married the daughter of Mr. Peel, late Speaker of the House of Commons, a considerable share of the six hundred wedding-gifts that were received were registered as given to the groom. Two dukes and an earl sent him silver inkstands; a bishop sent him decanters; several marquises sent him silver plate; and sundry lords and gentlemen were represented in his collection by bits of jewelry and plate, including link sleeve-buttons, a cigarette-box, a tea service, candlesticks, a bowl, wine-tasters, and other useful commodities. Marriage is a solemn rite in America, but in England they seem to take it more seriously still. It seems enough that the bride should be affected (as was said of one of this year's brides) by enlargement of the gland of gratitude, without subjecting the groom to the risk of that affection.

Miss Frances Willard and Lady Henry Somerset have disclaimed all responsibility for the Woman's Bible which is being edited by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Their names were placed with their consent on the committee which has Mrs. Stanton's Bible in charge, but they explain that the committee has turned out to be differently constituted from what they expected, and they are not willing to be thought to have shared its work or to endorse its opinions. This certainly seems an instance of discretion on the part of Lady Henry and Miss Willard, and when they see Mrs. Stanton's Bible they will probably congratulate themselves on keeping out of it. Judging from the published extracts, Mrs. Stanton has done her work conscientiously, and without fear or favor. Wherever the Scripture narrative recites a case of what she considers improper treatment of a woman, the offender, be it God or man, gets a piece of her mind. It is related in Numbers that Miriam and Aaron got up a mutiny against Moses, whereupon God afflicted Miriam for a time with leprosy, while Aaron got off with a reprimand. Commentators have suggested that Aaron escaped leprosy because he was a priest. "A mere excuse for man's injustice," says Mrs. Stanton, and avers that women have always been treated as an inferior order of being, whom it was safe to punish to the limit, and that if Aaron had been a woman, he would have turned as promptly leprous as Miriam did.

The Bible is much respected among English-speaking people. It seems easily doubtful whether Mrs. Stanton's edition of it will do as much to help the woman's rights movement as the venerable editor seems to hope. A safer woman than she to edit a "Woman's Bible" would have been Gail Hamilton, who knows the Bible, and has taught a Bible class. Sad to say, there is too much reason to fear that Miss Dodge's pen has been laid down for all time. E. S. MARTIN.

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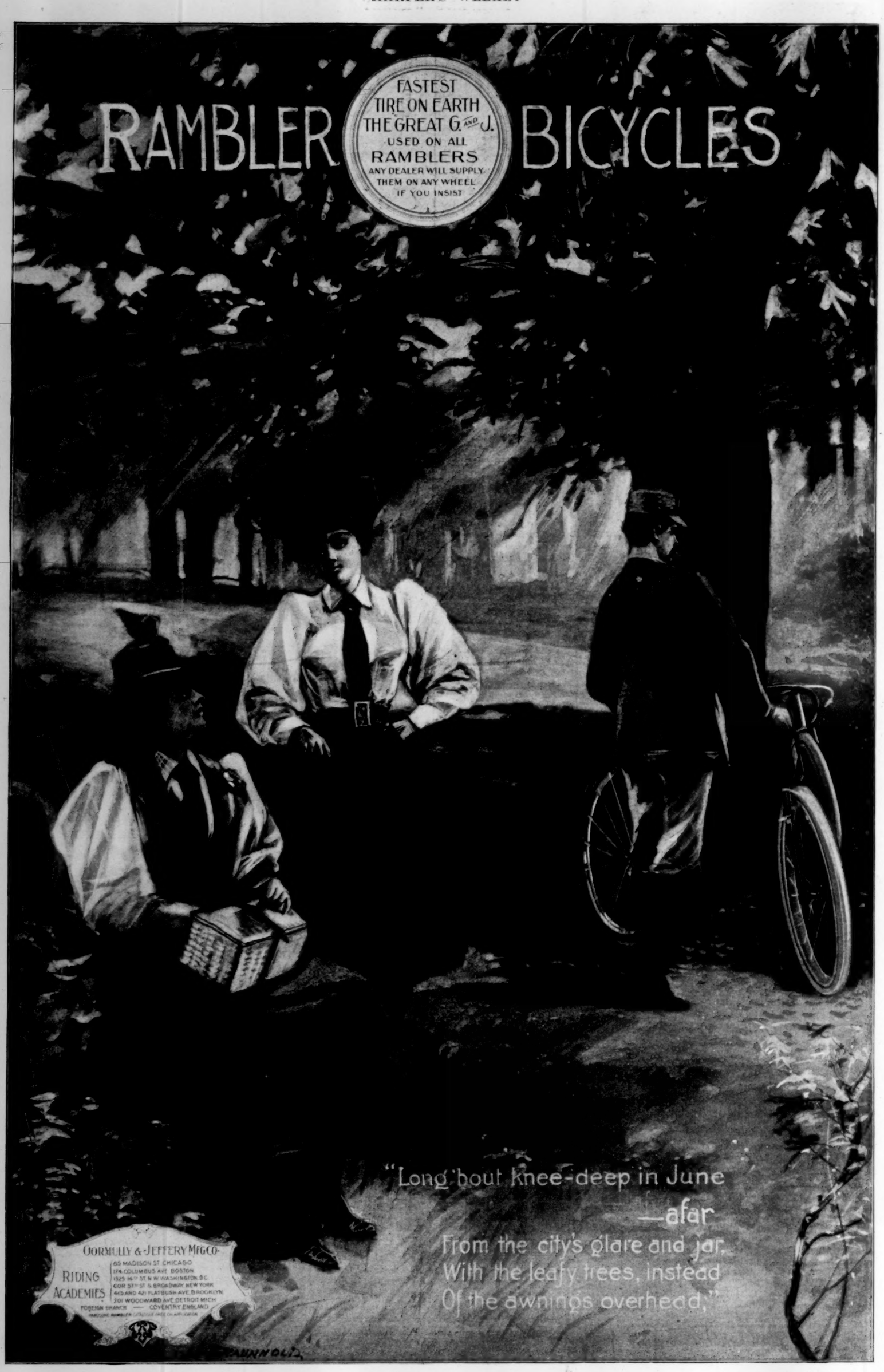
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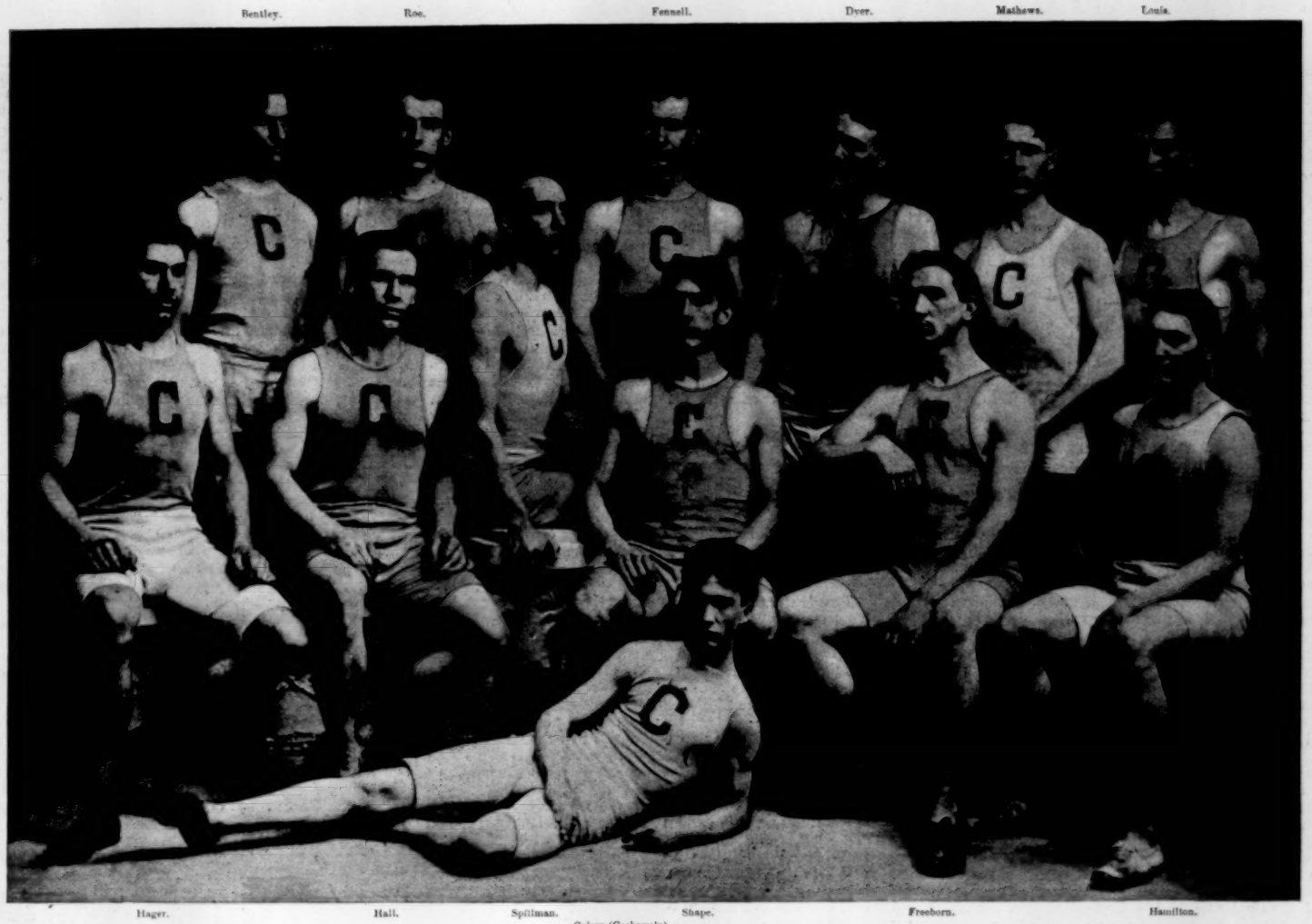

THE CORNELL HENLEY CREW.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE CORNELL CREWS.

BY PROFESSOR BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

THE Cornell project of putting upon the water two university crews in one season savors of the quixotic, and demands an explanation. The plan of sending a crew to meet a representative English crew has been actively discussed for the past two years. In recent years Cornell has found no competitor except the University of Pennsylvania, and the discontinuance of all opportunity for competition was annually threatened by the uncertainty whether Pennsylvania would persist in maintaining its navy. Cornell's long succession of victories, unbroken since 1885, imperilled also the zeal and discipline of the training. For the permanence of its boating interests Cornell seemed to require the stimulus either of a defeat or of new competition. The moral right to send a representative American crew to England, Cornell had apparently earned, not only by its well-known and long-standing readiness to meet any American university crew, but by its record of twenty-four victories against six defeats in 'varsity races, and of eight victories and no defeats in Freshman races.

At first a plan was discussed of attempting to meet the winner of the annual Oxford-Cambridge regatta. This proved impossible on account of the season of the year. The Oxford-Cambridge race occurs in the early spring, and without sacrificing an entire year of college-work no American crew could undertake to enter for a race at this time. A postponement until June or July was found impracticable, because no English university crew would be willing to remain in training so long after the annual race. The Henley Regatta remained therefore the only resource. The crews competing at this regatta are notably made up chiefly of university men. The race for the Grand Challenge Cup is the chief event, and open to all comers. The Leander crew, which has won this event the past four years in succession, is made up almost exclusively of men chosen from the university crews of Oxford and Cambridge. Though this race, therefore, is not distinctively a university affair, it affords a fair opportunity of testing the relative merits of English and American college oarsmanship.

On deciding to enter a crew at the Henley Regatta, the Cornell naval authorities, unwilling to sacrifice the interests of their old friends and rivals the Pennsylvanians, immediately communicated with them, stating their determination, but expressing their readiness to continue the established usage of an annual race with them. The hesitation of Pennsylvania to take part in a race to which public opinion might hold that Cornell had sent only a second-rate crew was finally appeased by the fortunate appearance of Columbia with a proposition for a triangular race. This race has since been agreed upon, and will occur at Poughkeepsie on the 21st of June. So it has come about that Cornell has this summer two university races upon its hands. Besides these, there is also the Freshman race with Pennsylvania at Ithaca on the 14th of June. The Henley race occurs July 9th and 10th, and the crew that is to enter it sails on the *City of Paris* May 29th.

The *personnel* of the Henley crew must therefore be entirely distinct from that of the 'varsity crew to be entered at Poughkeepsie; and inasmuch as it has seemed unsafe to send less than four substitutes with the Henley crew and less than two with the regular 'varsity crew, the navy has been obliged to provide twenty-two oarsmen of 'varsity calibre. At the beginning of the season it looked as if this quota, large as it is, might be amply supplied from the 'varsity crew and substitutes of 1894 and the Freshman crews of 1893 and 1894; but the loss of two men through sickness and one through deficient scholarship, and the appearance of some unusual talent in the present Freshman class, have made it now probable that three entirely new men will secure 'varsity places, one as substitute on the Henley crew, and two as members of the Poughkeepsie crew.

The length of the Henley course is one mile and 550 yards. It demands therefore a different style of rowing from the four-mile course at Poughkeepsie. This difference in the character of the two races has determined the rule of discrimination in choosing the two crews. The Henley crew will be composed of relatively light men, who have demonstrated their ability to maintain a quick, snappy stroke, and make quick time for a mile and a half. The selection has been made by repeated experiments with all possible combinations of the men. Two crews have uniformly been pitted against each other on a course of the Henley length, and after six weeks of trial the two crews gradually but inevitably selected themselves. The make-up of the Henley crew is almost certain to be as follows:

Position.	Name.	Age.	Weight.	Height.
Bow	F. B. Mathews	21	160	5 ft. 9 in.
No. 2	E. O. Spillman	20	160	5 " 10 "
" 3	E. C. Hager	24	173	5 " 10½ "
" 4	F. W. Freeborn	19	173	5 " 11 "
" 5	T. F. Fennell	19	174	6 "
" 6	T. Hall	25	174	5 " 9¾ "
" 7	C. A. Louis	20	163	5 " 11 "
Stroke	R. B. Hamilton	20	158	5 " 8¾ "
Cockswain	T. D. Colson	19	100	5 " 6 "
Substitute	W. Bentley	18	164	5 " 11 "
"	G. P. Dyer	19	163	5 " 11½ "
"	M. W. Roe	22	168	5 " 10½ "
"	R. L. Shape	23	165	6 "

Of the eight men selected for the crew, three only—Hager, Freeborn, and Hall—have rowed in a previous 'varsity crew. Hamilton was a last year's substitute.

The seats in the 'varsity boat proper have not yet been definitely assigned, but the crew will be made up from the following men: H. C. Troy (stroke), L. L. Tatum (7), F. C. Slade (bow), C. H. Smith, W. B. Sanborn, W. B. Chriswell, E. A. Crawford, J. H. Taussig, all veterans, and the Freshmen Johnson, Moore, Jeffers, and Briggs. Two of the Freshmen, if they continue to improve as they have in the last few weeks, are promising candidates for seats. Most of these men are better suited to long-distance rowing than those on the Henley crew, and handle the slower stroke also to better advantage than the quick stroke (44 per minute), under the test of which the Henley combination has been selected.

Mr. Courtney, under whose instruction since 1884 the Cornell oarsmen have achieved such uniform success, will accompany the Henley crew to England, and the supervision of the 'varsity and Freshman crews will be left to Mr. Frederick R. White, a Senior in the law school, who trained the Freshman crew of 1894, and under Mr. Courtney's direction has been giving excellent aid in the instruction of this year's crews.

The Cornell stroke, which, under Mr. Courtney's continued instruction, has now become an established tradition of the Cornell navy, is by no means merely a "git thar" stroke, but a perfectly systematic and self-consistent method, capable of being taught, and, better still, of being learned. That it is this, I think no oarsman who has seen a Cornell crew in two different races, and carefully compared them with their antagonists, will for a moment doubt. Though in the teaching of a crew in its boat Mr. Courtney's training proceeds, so to speak, from the oar-blade toward the shoulder, and not the reverse, yet this does not by any means result in neglect of form. It cultivates form for the sake of rowing, and not rowing for the sake of form. There are definite principles as to form, etc., which are inculcated vigorously while the men are on the rowing-machines.

Except in the Freshman race at New London in 1890 (won by Cornell), no opportunity has been given of directly testing the relative merits of the Cornell stroke and the Yale or Cook stroke. Though the Pennsylvania stroke as taught by Mr. Woodruff, a Yale man, is held by him to be essentially the Yale stroke, the test is at the best indirect and unsatisfactory. The Cornell stroke is purely autochthonous, a native product of American soil and common-sense. The approaching contest between the Cornell and the English systems involves all the more uncertainty because the former has never been fairly tested against the other American system. In general the chances in the English race are decidedly against Cornell. The climate, the knowledge of course and conditions, and greater age and experience are all in favor of the Englishmen; but the Cornell crew is making the boat go reasonably fast, and if nothing unexpected happens it will row a creditable race. That is all any one asks.

THE YALE CREW LOOK UNUSUALLY big and strong this year, the average being about 179 pounds. They are all old men and upper-class men, with the exception of Langford, who is a Sheffield Scientific School Freshman, and comes from the West—St. Paul, Minnesota; he has never rowed before, and is entirely a green man. The health of the crew has been only fair. They have had the usual trials and anxieties which always attend early training. Shortly before Easter, Bailey, one of the most promising new candidates for stroke, had an attack of varioloid, and was compelled to give up his position. The whole crew were vaccinated, and Bailey was sent home. After Easter, Langford, who took Bailey's place, became overtrained, and had to be laid off; but he quickly recovered, and is now the choice for the position, unless something unexpected happens. Cross rowed No. 4 and Longacre at No. 6 up to May 18th, when they were changed back to their old places, which balances the boat much better. The crew are at present rowing—Armstrong, '95 S. bow (captain); (2) Holcombe, '95 S.; (3) Beard, '96; (4) Longacre, '96; (5) Dater, '95 S.; (6) Cross, '96; (7) Treadway, '96; and stroke, Langford, '97 S. This order of the boat is not apt to change, unless some accident makes it necessary. Up to the present time there has been little or no graduate coaching; Armstrong has had to depend on what talent he could find around New Haven, which at best has been very scarce. Ives, captain of the '93 crew, has promised to take the men from now up to the time the crew go to New London on June 7th, and this will be a great help. Percy Bolton will then

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take them for about a week, and after that they will be under the eye of Alfred Cowles, captain of the '86 crew, and will then be finished off by Bob Cook. Up to the present time Cook has not seen the men row, having just returned from Europe.

THE UNIVERSITY AT LARGE is afraid of a heavy crew. Just what constitutes a good crew as regards weight is a disputed point, but most of Yale's defeats on the water have been with heavy crews. Year after year it has been stated that such and such a crew would decide the disputed point, but something has always occurred before the end of the season which knocked all calculations into a cocked hat. All her crack crews have been of medium weight, and yet her most prominent coaches maintain that the only kind of a crew that is fit to sit in a boat is a heavy one. The question is, will this year shed any light on the subject? Probably not, for Harvard has been extremely unfortunate up to the present time; there has been sickness in her boat almost from the beginning. This point alone would be sufficient ground for the doubters to stand on, should Yale win, and it looks as though we might have to wait for some other year for the question to be settled. The Yale boat seems to travel fast, but at times unevenly. There is a very perceptible hang on the catch; but of course, when the stroke is put up, this will be eliminated. The watermanship is poor, causing the boat to go off its bottom very decidedly.

INDIVIDUALLY THE CREW ARE NOT rowing very well. Armstrong bucks, and has his old fault of being behind on the catch, which no amount of coaching seems to eradicate; as is usually the case, the responsibility of captain is telling on him, and he is worrying too much over the others for his own good. Holcombe is very poor; he throws himself about too much, and when he gets tired goes more or less to pieces; he rushes his slide and clips his catch. Beard is about as bad as Holcombe; he overreaches too much, even for himself, which is saying a good deal; of course his shortness compels him to do it, but he ought to be able to hold himself within bounds; he also has the habit of losing himself when tired. Longacre is a great improvement over last year, although he still has that peculiar body motion, by which he is so easily distinguished from his fellows. He has had more experience than any of the others, as this is his fourth year at it. He is extremely slow, although his blade-work is good. Dater is rowing very well; he is apt to be slow, as big men are, and has a poor finish; he clips and hangs a little, but ought to show up well later on. Cross is extremely good for so big a man; he is the heaviest man in the boat, but he is graceful and quick, and his blade-work is clean. Treadway is very fair; he is apt to overreach, pulls out and clips a little; he is a first-class man for No. 7, and takes up the stroke well; he shines out conspicuously among the rest. Langford, the stroke, is the best man in the boat, and if he does not become overtrained will prove a great find. His greenness shows in his blade-work, which is rather ragged; he is apt to hang, but he is rapidly running out of this. The substitutes are Bailey, '97, who rowed until he got sick; Simpson, '97, stroke of last year's Freshman crew; and Miller, '97—on the whole, nothing much to brag of. Clark, the cockswain, is very poor; he was cockswain of last year's Freshman crew. There is a new invention introduced for the first time this year, which consists of a pump worked with the foot; it is handled by the cockswain, and is used in rough weather to clear the boat of water; it seems to be a success. The crew has gone over the course in pretty fair time for this season of the year, and, taking everything into consideration, Yale has no reason to be discouraged.

IT IS SOMETHING MORE than unfortunate, something that both Harvard and Yale men must sincerely regret, that the sickness of six men on the Harvard crew has made the outcome of the New London race uncertain and in a measure unsatisfactory. The Cambridge crew at the moment is absolutely an uncertain quantity. Early in May the men were in good condition, and promised to come up to time on the day of the race. Then this still unexplained epidemic spread suddenly, resulting in scarlet fever for Stevenson and a kind of tonsilitis for five others. Whether it was the food, or whether it was the condition of the Charles, with the drainage of a part of Cambridge emptying into it, combined with the severe cold and rawness of the weather which came on early in May, has not yet been decided. At all events, the men are only now beginning to think of getting out again into the boat. Stevenson will go to New London, and hopes to begin rowing again within a few days. Hollister will return also, and the wise decision has been made by Watson and the management of taking the crew to New London on June 1st, instead of ten days or two weeks later. This will give the men a change of food and air, and take them out of the reach of the cause—whatever it was—of all this illness. Nevertheless, the condition of the men, the impossibility of making a crew such as was first planned, makes the probabilities of the race very uncertain.

THE MEN AS THEY will row in the next few days are about as follows: Bullard, '96, will stroke, and is likely to remain there for the race. Fennessy, '96, at No. 7, is a fixture also, in all probability. It is his old place, and he is rowing strong and well. Watriss, L. S., is moderately certain of No. 6, and Shepard, '96, it seems, will stay at No. 5. These four men work well together, seem to understand each other, and if the rest of the boat were as well matched and as certain, the crew would be a capital one. The waist and the bow are, however, very uncertain, and it was here that the sickness made the biggest impression. Damon, post-grad., is rowing at No. 4 just now; and Hollister, '96, at No. 3, and Stevenson, '97, at No. 2, seem to be the most suitable men if they can get strong enough to pull through the four miles. Lewis, '96, at bow, is pretty sure, but not so much so as the four men in the stern. Since the class races, Wrightington, '97, the football man, has been rowing with the 'varsity, and it is possible that he may find a place, though the chances are, on the whole, against him. The crew goes out daily now, and in spite of changes and sickness the men are getting together remarkably well for so short a time. The doubtful part is, however, whether in the four weeks or more ahead of them they can make a compact crew. If they can it will be an argument in favor of short training, such as that of the English crews. But at the present writing the case is doubtful. Four weeks at New London, however, is a long time, and with nothing but rowing on their minds the men can do a great deal.

THE BASEBALL SITUATION is, as always, considerably complicated, if we judge from the different scores, but the championship is between Yale and Princeton without question. Carter's arm is fast improving under treatment, and he is giving it a rest. While Yale made a poor showing against Oritani, there is nothing in that to judge from. Gunther is neither Carter with his weak arm nor Trudeau, and this alone is sufficient to explain the defeat of Wednesday. On the other hand, as the Department stated last week, if Trenchard's thumb is in such condition by June 8th that he can catch, Wilson and Bradley are to be put in the box, and Yale may not succeed in getting as many hits off the Princeton men as it did at New Haven. Comparing the batting of the two nines, while Princeton has so far been rather more noticeable as composed of good batsmen, Rustin and Carter and two or three others are, on the whole, steadier and surer men in tight places. The standing is about equal on batting, with the advantage a little to Princeton, owing to the fact that it is to be on its own grounds. In fielding Yale is quicker, especially in the in-field, and judging from the last few games played by both nines there is more systematic team-play among the Yale men. Princeton should, however, win the June 8th game by a small margin, and then the New York game will be an extremely even and an extremely uncertain one, the results depending undoubtedly upon which makes a fluke or error at a critical moment, and which is quick enough to take advantage of it. Yale took advantage of its chance at New Haven, and Princeton failed once at least.

THE HARVARD NINE played another game against Amherst on Wednesday, with Paine in the box. For a man who was training for the high jump, and thinking more of that than of anything else, it was a stroke of genius to strike out the first five men who came to the bat. Indeed, Paine is an exceptional man. He has a strong nerve and a clear cool head, and he pitches as he jumps—for all he is worth every instant. He is not likely to go to pieces at a critical time, and is superior to Highlands in this—perhaps the most important part of a pitcher's work. Whether Paine will go in for the Yale games has not been decided, but he deserves a trial, to say the least. The weak batting is the bad part of Harvard's work this year, and, good fielders as they are, they cannot hope to win unless that can be corrected. The Saturday game with Brown was also a well-played match, but it was noticeable that Highlands was hit much oftener than Summersgill. To be sure, the hits were such that the men were in most cases easily put out, but this was rather because the Brown men did not place the balls than because Highlands did especially good work. And, furthermore, Highlands was winning, and it is in the hard places, not the easy ones, that the good pitcher shows his metal. All things considered Paine is the man for the Yale games and the second match with Princeton.

THE LETTERS FROM CAPTAIN THORNE, of Yale, and Professor Ames, of the Harvard Athletic Committee, published last week, do not change the football situation as the Department stated it. Naturally there is hot blood on both sides, but in all seriousness it should be remembered that there are probably two sides to the question, and that such a situation must be treated without passion, and in a calm, conciliatory spirit. It is not a matter for undergraduates to settle. The Yale management has made an error of judgment in bringing the matter of the Springfield game up again, whatever may be the justice and the facts in the case. It is quite as certain that there was but one course open to Harvard—the one she has followed. And yet, after all, the games between Harvard and Yale are each year as important athletic events as there are, and speaking of the matter from the point of view of amateur sport, it is a shame that the two big universities should be standing off in this mad-dog fashion. Both want to play next fall. Each wants to meet the other, and the undergraduates and graduates alike must in the great majority regret any such incident. Athletics between colleges are not a business, nor is anything at stake but sport and exercise; and though the graduates and undergraduates of one may in the heat of excitement charge the other with unfair tactics, it is a great mistake and a great injury to sport for the other to make an official matter and a direct issue of these criticisms. The step being taken, however, there is but one answer for Harvard to make, and if anything further is to be done in the matter it must emanate from the wise action and conciliatory measures of the Yale graduates. If Captain Thorne in writing as he did had some reasons which were not there given, but which are of such importance that they require so unusual a step on Yale's part, then the course stated in the Department last week is the best one to follow; that is, the appointment of a committee of graduates who could easily and speedily settle the matter. But if there is no other reason for Captain Thorne's letter than the one he mentions—a demand for a retraction from Harvard for the private opinions of a Harvard coach and other Harvard graduates—then, as we also stated a week ago, the only course open to the Harvard management is to decline to enter into further arrangements with Yale in any sport until the matter is satisfactorily adjusted.

THE TROPHY KNOWN AS THE FREEDMAN CUP, which was put up at the beginning of the season by Mr. Freedman, manager of the New York League nine, and which was to be awarded to the college nine making the best showing against the New Yorks during the season, is proving a disturbing element. The Yale and Brown nines played about equally well against the New Yorks, and as it was impossible to decide which should take the cup, Brown suggested that she and Yale play a game for the cup. Yale's reply to this was just the one that should have been made. She intimated that she did not care particularly to have the cup in any case, but was willing to have it go to the college which won in the already arranged series between herself and Brown. It might as well be fairly stated at the start that playing with professional teams for cups is hardly a college affair. There is nothing wrong or out of the way, perhaps, in one such case, but it would be a pretty spectacle to see college nines running about the country competing with the New Yorks, Bostons, Baltimores, and Philadelphias for silver cups, which would be awarded for the accomplishment of an object totally without the province of collegiate athletics. Yale's decision in the matter was without question the correct one. They played the New Yorks for practice, as the New Yorks played them. They secured their practice, and whether they had a cup for it or not was immaterial. At any rate, it was certainly not worth putting another game with Brown into their already well-filled schedule. And hence the suggestion that the result of the scheduled games should decide the matter of the possession of the cup was a proper one.

THERE IS, HOWEVER, another reason why this plan is not a good one. Some time ago, and not so long ago as some of the present undergraduates may think, several of the faculties opposed the plan the collegiate nines had of securing training early in the season by playing with the League teams, and while that was in a measure foolish legislation, which is now happily antiquated, there is still somewhat of the same argument remaining in force. College teams are for college games. We have made strict rules as to what constitutes a graduate and an undergraduate; what constitutes a professional and an amateur. We have been through the trials and tribulations of deciding what constituted a matriculation at any college. And having settled most of these questions, it is a mistake to open the whole matter again through another door, and bring up the question of prize games with League nines. There is nothing of value from the amateur-sport point of view in this, and it only helps to start difficulties and discussions over the winning and awarding of these cups. If a collegian will stop to think of it a moment, he will see that there is more than opportunity enough now among inter-collegiate matters to cause an absurd amount of trouble and excitement, to say nothing of hard feeling; and that therefore it would be unwise to begin preparations for more of the same sort, only adding the League nines to those of the colleges, and thus making a settlement all the more difficult, and newspaper discussion of these difficulties all the more injurious to the 'varsity nines. The putting up of this cup is a mistake, therefore, and it is also a mistake that Brown and Yale have accepted the challenge to play for it. But Yale's action in refusing to make an issue of it, and in declaring the whole matter too unimportant for special games, has taken a position that will be approved by every thorough amateur sportsman.

WE GO TO PRESS too early this week to give an exhaustive criticism on the I.C.A.A. meet which took place Saturday, the 25th. The whole matter will therefore be discussed at length in the next issue. The result was what the Department foretold, and with Yale winning at 30 points, Pennsylvania second, at 25, and Harvard third, at 22, the result was at no time in great doubt. Harvard and Pennsylvania might have changed places if Paine had won the high jump, as it was generally expected he would, and Hoyt the pole vault. As it was, the former took third, and the latter tied, and then lost, on the vault-off, to Buckholtz, of Pennsylvania. Yale has now held the cup two years, and with the exception of Hickok's remarkable work in the shot-and-hammer, she won half of her points, as she did in last year's contest, by seconds and thirds. Thrall was somewhat of a surprise in the mile walk, as Houghton has been for some time a general favorite. Thrall made a plucky spurt on the last lap, and beat Houghton by a good margin. The chief surprise of the day, outside of this mile walk, and Hollister's winning for Harvard the half-mile run from Kilpatrick of Union, was the running of Crum of Iowa University. He was known to be a good runner, but nothing was further from the general expectation than that he should take the 100 and 220 away from Richards of Yale and Ramsdall of Pennsylvania. An inkling of what was coming, however, was given in one of the semi-final heats of the 100, where Crum came in a good two yards ahead of the second man. He made a beautiful showing in the final 100 also. Richards is a remarkably quick man at the start, and, as usual, in this final he got a good start of the others, and at the 20-yard line must have been 6 feet ahead of Crum. The Iowa man had nerve, however, and he made a spurt that was ninety yards long in a race which is practically nothing but one spurt from start to finish. He gained steadily, until at 50 or 60 yards he had Ramsdall abreast and Richards only a few inches ahead, and then in a moment he caught and passed the Yale man, winning in 10 flat. Taken as a piece of nerve, it was the best exhibition in the game.

THIS SHORT PREFATORY WORD on the I.C.A.A. games ought not to be closed without a comment on the bicycle races. It is a great question whether bicycle-racing is properly a track-athletic event at all, but that cannot at this moment be discussed. If it is an event, it should be a race and not a jockeying match. And in this light the semi-final and final two-mile heats on Saturday were absurd. It only needs to be mentioned that one man fell in one heat, and then got up, mounted again, caught the field, and came very near winning the heat. Every one seemed afraid to set the pace, and all dawdled along, going so slow in the finals that they had some difficulty in preventing their bicycles from wabbling into each other. The time in the final heat was 9 minutes 19⅘ seconds, which is perhaps the slowest time ever made in a presumably respectable two-mile bicycle race. It is not from the point of view of the spectator that this criticism is made, but from the point of view of good sport. And any one will agree that a race to be won should be won on relative speed in time and not on the skill of two men to pocket another and keep him locked up till the race is nearly ended. After such an exhibition as that of Saturday it is safe to say that there should be a minimum time limit in bicycle-racing—an obligation, in other words, requiring that at least a certain time be made before any points can be scored. This would put the men on their mettle, and start the pace early in the race, since speed would be required all through the race if the minimum time was to be equalled. Aside from this one feature the twentieth meet of the I.C.A.A. was a most successful affair, and the events were run off in a very creditable manner on the whole. The management is distinctly to be congratulated on their policy of keeping men not directly concerned as officials off the field entirely.

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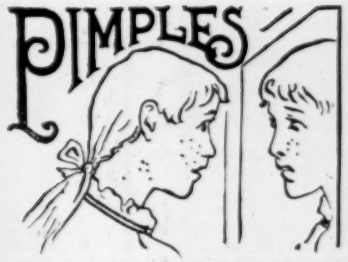

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